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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," " NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III. A CHECK.

Mr. CALVERLEY dead! The announcement, so suddenly and so calmly blurted out by the footman, so took Pauline by surprise that she literally staggered back two paces, and supported herself against the wall. Dead, on the very day, almost at the very hour when he had promised to meet her, when she had calculated on worming from him the secret which, once in her possession, she had intended to use as the means of extracting information about Tom Durham, and of putting her on to her fugitive husband's track. Dead! What was the meaning of it all? the mystery about this unknown man, this not-to-be-mentioned invisible partner, Claxton, of deeper importance than she had thought? Were Mr. Calverley, Claxton, and Tom Durham, so intermixed with business transactions of such a nature that sooner than confess his connexion with them the senior partner had committed self-destruction? The thought flashed like lightning through Pauline's brain. ere she had time to analyse it, the solemn voice of the footman repeated in its croaking tones:

'Mrs. Calverley wishes to see Madame Doo Turt as soon as possible."

"Yes," said Pauline, in reply, "I will go to Mrs. Calverley at once.'

Past the range of hat-pegs, where the dead man's coats and hats still hung; past the little study, through the open door of which she saw a row of his boots standing in order against the wall, his umbrella and walking-stick in the corner, his folded gloves and clothes-brush laid out upon the table; up the heavily carpeted stairs; past the closed drawingroom door, and on to Mrs. Calverley's bedroom, at the door of which she knocked. Bidden to come in, Pauline entered, and found the widow seated prim and upright in a high-backed chair, before the fire.

"This is sad news, my dear friend," commenced Pauline, in a sympathetic voice; "this is a frightful calamity.

"Yes," said Mrs. Calverley, coldly," it is very hard upon me, but not more than I have always expected. Mr. Calverley chose never to live in his own home, and he has

finished by dying out of it." "I have heard no particulars," said Pauline. "Where did the sad event take place?"

"Mr. Calverley was found dead in a railway carriage, as he was returning from those ironworks," said the widow, with vicious emphasis on the last word. "He entered into that speculation against my will, and he has now reaped the reward of his own obstinacy."

Pauline looked at her curiously. dread event which had occurred had not softened Mrs. Calverley in the slightest

"This is very, very sad," said Pauline, ter a pause. "If I were to consult my after a pause. own feelings I should withdraw, and leave you to your overwhelming grief, which no attention can solace, and which must run its course, and yet I cannot bear to think of you alone and unaided! What would

you wish me to do?" "You had much better stay," said Mrs. Calverley, shortly. "I feel myself quite unequal to anything, and there is a great deal to be done."

The tone in which these words were

uttered was cold, peremptory, and unpleasant, but Pauline took no notice of it. She had a great deal to think over, and would take the first opportunity of arranging her plans. As it was, she busied herself in seeing to Mrs. Calverley's comfort. She had long since relieved her of the superintendence of domestic affairs, and now she made suggestions for an interview with the milliner, for the ordering of the servants' mourning, and for the general conduct of the household, in all of which the widow coldly acquiesced.

Then, so soon as she could, Pauline sought the privacy of her room, and gave

herself up to meditation.

"Was there ever anything so unfortunate," she thought to herself, as, having changed her neat French walking-boots for slippers, in order not to be heard by Mrs. Calverley in the room beneath, she commenced pacing up and down the floor, "was there ever anything so unfortunate! By this man's death my whole position is changed! Not that I think there is any doubt of stability of my interest in this house! Though it was he that first suggested that I should come here, I have so strengthened myself since then, I stand so well with the wretched creature down-stairs, the woman with a heart like a dried pea, that had he lived and tried to bring his influence to bear against me it would have been unavailing. I had better stay," she thought. "Housekeeper, dame de compagnie, drudge even, if she could make me so, and all for my board and lodging. Well, it is worth my while to remain for that, even now, though by this man's death my chief purpose in coming here is defeated. In the dead man I have lost, not merely my first friend and patron, but one whom I had intended should be my victim, and who alone could save me in the matter dearest to my heart. To all left here now that rascally husband of mine was unknown. Even of the name of Tom Durham they have only heard since the account of his supposed death appeared in the newspapers. The clue is lost just when I had my hand upon it! And yet I may as well remain in this place, at all events until I see how matters progress. There is nowhere I could go to on the chance of hearing any news, unless, indeed, I could find the agent who signed that letter which Monsieur mon mari gave me the day we were at Southampton. He or she, whichever it may be, would know something, doubtless, but whether they would tell it is another matter. For the

present, then, here I stay. The house will not be so dull as it was before, for these eccentric English people, ordinarily so triste and reserved, seem to excite themselves with deaths and funerals; and now this priest, this Monsieur Gurwood, who was on the point of going away, will have to remain to attend to the affairs, and to be a comfort to his sorrowing mother. I am much mistaken if there is not something to be made out of Monsieur Gurwood. He is sly and secretive, and will hide all he knows, but my power of will is stronger than his, and if, under these altered circumstances, he learns anything which may interest me, I shall be able to

get it from him."

Mrs. Calverley remained in her room that evening, occupying herself in writing up her diary, which she had scrupulously kept for many years, and in comparing her record of the feelings which she imagined she ought to have experienced, and which was very different from what she really did experience, with the entry in a previous diary of a dozen years ago, on the day of George Gurwood's death. She had had a second interview with Madame Du Tertre, and had talked over the arrangements of the milliner, and had discussed the advisability of a short run to Brighton, or some other lively place-it must be a lively place at such a wintry season-for change of air and scene. And she had made a very fair meal, which had been sent up to her on a tray from the dinner-table below, at which Martin Gurwood and Pauline were seated, solemnly facing each other.

The presence of the butler at this repast, always annoying to a man of Martin Gurwood's simple habits, was on this occasion perfectly unendurable; and, after requesting his companion's assent, he instructed the domestic to retire, telling him they would

wait upon themselves.

"I thought you would not mind it, Madame Du Tertre," he said, with a grave bow, after the man had withdrawn. "At a time when one is irritable, and one's nerves are disturbed, it is beyond measure annoying to me to have a person looking on, watching your every mouthful, and doing nothing else."

"I am most thankful that you sent the servant away, Monsieur Gurwood," said Pauline, "more especially as I could not speak to you in his presence, and I am anxious to learn full particulars of what has

occurred."

Why did Martin Gurwood's pale face

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"I scarcely know that I am in a position to give you any information, as all I know myself is learned at second hand."

"Anything will be information to me," said Pauline, "as all Mrs. Calverley told me was the bare fact. You have never been to—what is the place called—Swartmoor, I suppose?"

"No, never," said Martin Gurwood, with increased perturbation, duly marked by Pauline. "Why do you ask?"

"I merely wanted to know whether it was an unhealthy place, as this poor man seems to have caught his death there."

"Mr. Calverley died from heart disease, brought on by mental worry and excitement."

"Ah," said Pauline; "poor man!" And she thought to herself, "that mental worry and excitement were caused by his knowledge that he had to encounter me, and to tell me the true story—for he was too dull to devise any fiction which I should not have been able to detect—of his dealings with this Claxton."

After a pause she said: "These worries sprung from his intense interest in his business, I suppose, Monsieur Gurwood?"

"I—I should imagine so," said Martin, flushing again. "Mr. Calverley was devoted to business."

"Yes," said Pauline, looking straight at him. "I often wondered he did not give himself more relaxation; did not confide the conduct of his affairs more to his subordinates, or at least to his partner."

The shot told. All the colour left Martin Gurwood's face, and he looked horribly embarrassed as he said, "Partner, Madame Du Tertre? Mr. Calverley had no partner."

"Indeed," said Pauline, calmly, but keeping her eyes fixed on his face; "I thought I understood that there was a gentleman whose name was not in the firm, but who was what you call a sleeping partner, Mr.—Mr. Claxton."

"There is no such name in the house," said Martin Gurwood, striving to master his emotion. "From whom did you hear this, madame—not from my mother?"

"Oh, no," said Pauline, caluly; "I think it was from Mr. Calverley himself."

"You must surely be mistaken, Madame Du Tertre?"

"It is more than probable, monsieur," said Pauline. "In my ignorance of the language I may have mistaken the terms

which Mr. Calverley used, and given them my own misinterpretation. Ah, and so there is no one of the name of Claxton, or if there be he is not a partner? So as far as being able to relieve Mr. Calverley was concerned, it came to the same thing. Of course with a man so precise, all the business arrangements, what you call the will and those things, were properly made?"

"Oh, yes; all in strict order," said Martin, grateful for the change of subject. "Mr. Jeffreys went from hence to the lawyer's, and has since been back with a copy of the will. With the exception of a few legacies, all the property is left to Mrs. Calverley, and she and I are appointed joint executors."

"That is as it should be," said Pauline, "and what might have been expected from a man like Mr. Calverley! Just, upright, and honourable, was he not?"

"I always believed him to be so, madame," said Martin, with an effort.

"And his death was as creditable as his life," pursued Pauline, with her eyes still fixed upon her companion. "He was killed in the discharge of his business, and no soldier dying on the battle-field could have a more honourable death. You agree with me, Monsieur Gurwood?"

"I do not give much heed to the kind of death which falls to the lot of men, but rather to the frame of mind in which they die."

"And even there, monsieur, you must allow that Mr. Calverley was fortunate. Respected by his friends, and beloved by his wife, successful in his business, and happy in his home——"

"Yes," interrupted Martin Gurwood, "but it is not for us to pronounce our judgment in these matters, Madame Du Tertre, and you will excuse me if I suggest that we change the subject."

When dinner was finished Pauline went up-stairs again to Mrs. Calverley's room, and had another long chat with the widow before she retired to rest. Mrs. Calverley had been made acquainted with the fact that It had arrived, and her son had suggested her visiting the chamber where It lay. she had decided upon postponing this duty until the next day, and sat with Pauline, moaning over the misfortunes which had happened to her during her lifetime, and so thoroughly enjoying the recital of her woes that her companion thought she would never leave off, and was too glad to take her leave for the night at the first opportunity which offered itself.

Once more in the safety and solitude of

her own chamber she resumed her meditation.

"That was a safe hit that I made at dinner or the priest would never have changed colour like a blushing girl. This reverend's face is like a sheet of plate-glass—one can see straight through it down into his heart. Not into every corner though. There are recesses where he puts away things which he wishes to hide. In one of them lies some secret of his own. That I guessed almost directly I saw him; and now there is, in addition to that, another which will probably be much more interesting to me, as it relates in some way, I imagine, to the business in which Claxton is mixed up. It must be so, I think, for his tell-tale colour came and went as I mentioned the partnership and that man's name. Now, how am I to learn more from him on that point? He is uneasy when allusion is made to it in conversation, and tries to change the subject, and it is plain that Mrs. Calverley knows nothing at all about it. Mr. Gurwood, too, is evidently desirous that his mother should not know, as he betrayed such anxiety in asking me whether it was from her I had heard mention of the And there is not another partnership. soul to whom I can turn with the chance of hearing any tidings of Tom Durham.

"Stay, what did this man say about being appointed joint executor with his mother? In that case he will remain here for yet some time, and all the dead man's papers will pass into his hands. Such of them as are not entirely relating to the business will be brought to this house, and I shall have perhaps the opportunity of seeing them. In them I may discover something which will give me a clue, some hint as to why Claxton obtained the agency for Tom Durham, and on what plea he asked for it. That is all I can hope to learn. About the two thousand pounds and the pale-faced woman, this man who is dead knew nothing. I must glean what I can from such papers as I can get hold of, and I must keep a careful watch upon the movements of my friend the reverend."

On the following morning Mrs. Calverley remaining in bed to breakfast, and Pauline being in friendly attendance on her, it suddenly occurred to the widow that she should like to know the contents of the drawers in the writing-table used by her deceased husband in his City office.

"I have always been of opinion," she said to Pauline, after mentioning this subject, "that some extraordinary influence

must have been used to induce Mr. Calverley to go into that speculation of the ironworks, and I think that very likely we may find some papers which will throw a light upon the matter."

Pauline's eyes brightened as she listened. Perhaps the mysterious Mr. Claxton was mixed up with the speculation, or the drawers might contain other documents which might lead to a solution of his identity. But she answered cautiously.

"It may be as you say, madame. Shall I step down and ask Monsieur Martin to be good enough to go to the office and search the desk on your behalf?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Calverley, shortly. "This is a private matter in which I do not choose to ask my son's assistance. You are good enough to act as my confidential friend, Madame du Tertre," she added, with the nearest possible approach to softness in her manner," and I wish you to represent me on this occasion."

Pauline took up the hard thin hand that lay on the coverlet, and raised it to her lips. "I will do anything you wish, my dear friend," she murmured, scarcely knowing how to conceal her delight.

"In the top right-hand drawer of the dressing-table you will find Mr. Calverley's bunch of keys," said the widow. "One of them opens his office desk. If you will give me my blotting-book I will write a few lines to Mr. Jeffreys, authorising you to have access to the room. Once there, you will know what to look for."

An hour afterwards Pauline walked into the offices at Mincing-lane. Signs of mourning were there in the long strips of wood, painted black, which were stuck up in front of the windows; in the unwonted silence which reigned around, the clerks working noiselessly at their desks, and the business visitors closing the doors softly behind them, and lowering their voices as though in the presence of Death, the messengers and porters abstaining from the jokes and whistling with which they usually seasoned their work.

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Pauline was shown into the little glazed room, already familiar to her, and was speedily joined by the head-clerk, to whom she handed Mrs. Calverley's note. After reading it Mr. Jeffreys hesitated, but only for an instant. From his boyhood he had been brought up by Mr. Calverley, had served him for thirty years with unswerving fidelity, and had loved him as deeply as his unsentimental business nature would permit. In his late master's lifetime no re-

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quest of Mrs. Calverley's, unendorsed by her busband, would have had the smallest weight with the head-clerk. But Mr. Calverley was no longer the chief of the house; no one knew how matters would turn out, or into whose hands the business would fall, and Mr. Jeffreys had understood from Messrs. Pemberton's, the lawyers, that Mrs. Calverley was appointed as executrix, and knew that it would be as well for him to secure a place in her favour. So taking a key from his pocket he requested the visitor to follow him, and ushered her up the stairs into the room on the first floor.

There it was, with the exception of the absence of the central figure, exactly as she had last seen it. There stood his desk, the blotting-pad scribbled with recent memoranda, the date index still showing the day on which he had last been there, the pen-rack, the paper-all the familiar objects, as though awaiting his return. Mr. Jeffreys walked to the window and pulled up the blind; then looked round the room, and in spite of himself, as it

were, heaved a deep sigh.

"It is Mrs. Calverley's wish, madame, I see," he said, referring to the letter which he held in his hand, "that you should be left alone. If you should require any assistance or information from me, and will sound this bell," he pointed to the spring-bell on the table, which his master had used for summoning him, and him alone, "I shall be in the next room, and will wait upon you at once." Then he bowed and retired.

Left to herself, and certain that the door was safely closed, Pauline took the bunch of keys from her pocket, and soon hit upon the one she required. One by one the drawers lay open before her, some almost empty, some packed to the brim, most of them with a top layer of dust, as though their contents had been undisturbed What did she find in them? for years. An assemblage of odds and ends, a collection of papers and written documents, of printed prospectuses of stock-jobbing companies, some of which had never seen the light, while others had perished in their speedily-blossomed maturity years One contained a set of red-covered domestic account-books, neatly tied together with red tape, and on examining these Pauline found them to be the receipted books of the butcher, baker, &c., "in account with Mr. John Calverley, 48, Colebrook-row, Islington," and referring to a period when the dead man was only a

struggling clerk, and lived with his old mother in the suburbs. In another lay scores of loose sheets of paper covered with his manuscript notes and calculations, the first rough draft of his report on the affairs of Lorraine Brothers, the stepping-stone to the position which he had afterwards

occupied.

But amongst all the papers written and printed there was no allusion to the Swartmoor Ironworks, no reference to what concerned Pauline more nearly, the name of Claxton, and she was about to give up the search in despair, and to summon Mr. Jeffreys for his farewell, when in moving she touched something with her foot, something which lay in the well of the desk covered by the top and flanked on either side by the two nests of drawers. At first she thought it was a footstool, but stooping to examine it, and bringing it to the light, she found it to be a small wooden box, clamped with iron at the edges, and closed with a patent lock. The key to this lock was on the bunch in her possession; in an instant she had the box on the desk, had opened it, and was examining its contents.

"Of no value to any one but their owner." The line which she had seen so often in the advertisement sheets of English newspapers rang in Pauline's mind as she turned over what had been so jealously guarded. A miniature portrait on ivory of an old greyhaired woman in a lace cap with long, falling lappets, and a black silk dress; a folded piece of paper containing a long lock of silky white hair, and a written memorandum, "Died April 13th, 1858;" two newspaper cuttings, one announcing the death of Mrs. Calverley, of Colebrook-row, Islington, at the date just mentioned, the other the marriage of John Calverley, Esq., with Jane, widow of the late George Gurwood, Esq., and only daughter of John Lorraine, Esq., of Mincing-lane and Bruns-wick-square. Then Pauline came upon a packet of letters stained and discoloured with age, which on examination proved to have been written to him by his mother at various dates, while he was absent travelling on the business of the firm.

And nothing else. That box seemed to have been used by the dead man as a sacred depository for the relics of the old woman whom he had loved with such filial tenderness, whose memory he had so fondly Stay! Here was something cherished. else, an envelope cleaner, fresher, and of newer shape than the others. She took it out and opened it eagerly. Ah, at last! It

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contained a half-sheet of note paper, on which were these words:

"October 4, '70. Transferred to private account, two thousand pounds. To be given to T. D. at request of A. C."

She had found something, then—not much, but something. T. D. was, of course, Tom Durham, and the A. C. at whose request the money was to be paid to him was equally, of course, Mr. Claxton. She had never heard his Christian name; it must be Albert, Alfred, Andrew, or something of the kind.

Pauline replaced the paper in the envelope, which she put into her pocket. No need to tell Mrs. Calverley anything about that—that was her prize. It contained no reference to the Swartmoor Ironworks, and would have no interest for the widow. So she locked the box, and replaced it in its former position under the desk, pressed the spring bell (the familiar sound of which made Mr. Jeffreys jump off his chair), thanked the chief clerk on his appearance, and took leave of him with much suavity. Then she took a cab, and returning straight to Great Walpole-street, reported to Mrs. Calverley the total failure of her mission.

There is a certain amount of bustle and confusion in Great Walpole-street, for the time has arrived when It is to be removed. At the Oxford Arms, intersecting Horatiostreet, the hearse and the mourning-coaches have been drawn up for some time, and the black-job gentlemen are busying themselves, some in fixing plumes to the horses' heads, others in getting out the trappings, staves, hat-bands, and other horrible insignia of their calling. Then the cold fowls and sherry having been consumed by the mourners, the dismal procession files off to Kensal Green. Whence, in less than a couple of hours, it comes rattling back with some of the occupants of its carriages laughing, and all of them talking-all save Martin Gurwood, who, in addition to his real grief at the loss of the dead man, is thinking that about that time Humphrey Statham has gone on his mission to the cottage at Hendon.

SHODDY, CHALK, AND JONATHAN.

Nor that shoddy is exactly a bad thing in itself. It is only bad when intended to deceive; when it presents itself to the world as something which it is not. If I order a new coat, and am told that it is made of West of England superfine, then I am not treated honestly if there be any admixture of shoddy and mattresses, or for giving a surface to flock paper-hangings; some for making into coarse rough paper; some as a material whence prussiate of potash may be obtained; and the rest as a manure, chiefly for hop-grounds. Then the smoother bits, free from seams and knots, are sent to

in its composition; if I am told that it is all new wool, whether West or North of England make, I am entitled to object to the presence of shoddy. But if I procure a so-called melton, tweed, or pilot-cloth, whether for coat, vest, or trousers, although the name itself may be a deceptive one, the purchase is not necessarily unprofitable merely because shoddy is present; it is, in this case, a question of price. Shoddy is simply wool which has been used before; if new wool be added, many a month of hard wear, and many a hard shower may be borne by it, without any unsightly betward of its origin.

trayal of its origin. Quite early in the present century, the woollen manufacturers of Yorkshire turned their attention to this matter. Old woollen rags, old carpets, old worsted stockings, were sold as manure, when no further use could be found for them; but some of the sharp-witted Yorkshiremen were convinced that the short fibres still retained a portion of their original strength, and of that peculiar felting or entangling property which gives closeness of texture to woollen cloth. But how to get the wool out of the fusty old fragments: how to separate it fibre from fibre? Mills were erected, and machines constructed for the purpose. So abominably dirty and dusty are the bits, that the processes had to be kept quite distinct from those relating to new wool; and some moral critics, believing that dirt and cheating must necessarily go together, gave the name of devil's-dust to the disintegrated, or at least disentangled fibres. Like many other critics, they were a little beside the mark; for though the dirt is unquestionable, cheating is not necessarily an element in the matter. Cleanliness is next to godliness, we know; but how if a personally clean man happens to be a rogue?

Let us suppose that Mrs. Motherly, a careful housewife, sells all her old woollen scraps, instead of consigning them to the dust-hole. The heterogeneous dealers to whom she sells them find purchasers in various directions. The seams and irregular knots, the bleared and blotched portions, are cut away, and are applied—some for making into flock for stuffing cushions and mattresses, or for giving a surface to flock paper-hangings; some for making into coarse rough paper; some as a material whence prussiate of potash may be obtained; and the rest as a manure, chiefly for hop-grounds. Then the smoother bits, free from seams and knots, are sent to

Yorkshire, where they are torn up into But, as there are three degrees of excellence in most things, so are there in this-mungo being the best, shoddy the next best, and extract the worst. Mungo is the rag of good woollen cloth, the best being veritable new bits-tailors' cuttings too small to be available for the piece-brokers; shoddy is obtained from poorer cloth, and from old carpets, rugs, blankets, flannel, and worsted stockings; while extract is the woollen portion of mixed or union goods, in which the warp threads are cotton, the weft only being made of wool or worsted. In regard to the latter, it may appear strange that any chemical process can be profitable for such a humble material; but chemistry is always starting something new in this way. Certain acids, alkalies, or salts have the property of dissolving the cotton and leaving the wool intact: hence the production of extract. As to shoddy and mungo, the rags are treated ruthlessly enough. They are thrown into a machine, the interior of which is studded with teeth by thousands, which act against and into one another, and tear the rags into separate fibres-very short, but long enough to bear the subsequent processes. One machine will produce from half a ton to a ton of such stuff in a day. But, oh the dust! Millions of particles settle down at the bottom of the machine, and millions more find their way out through crevices into the factory rooms. Try what they will, the manufacturers cannot control this dust. Batley, and some other Yorkshire towns, tell the tale plainly enough; and as the rags are often of ill odour in the first instance, the dust of course does not emit a very refreshing perfume. If the dust be all of one colour, such of it as can be collected is saleable to flock-paper makers; if mixed and unequal, it is still available as manure.

The shoddy, the mungo, and the extract are made into cloth, but not alone. So much of the felting property has departed from the wool that the cloth would fall to pieces too soon; and therefore new wool is added to remedy the defect. Herein lies the great feature of the shoddy trade. There is no limit to the number of proportions between the new wool and the rag; there may be ten parts of the former to one of the latter, or ten of the latter to one of the former, or equal parts of both, or any other proportion. And, moreover, the manufacturer may use this mixture only for weft threads, making

the warp of cotton. In this way the goods may be made to vary as much in kind as in quality, no matter what they are called—heathers, tweeds, or cheviots, for tourists' suits; petershams, beavers, bearskins, or deerskins, for over-coats; pilots, for pea-jackets; friezes, for sale in Ireland; witneys, for mantles and cloaks; the cheaper kinds of so-called mohairs and alpacas; flushings, for sailors' and working-men; paddings, for stuffings and stiffenings; linings; coloured blankets for niggers and fur-hunters; convict-cloths and policecloths; army-cloths and navy-cloths—all may have, and often really have, mungo, shoddy, or extract in their composition.

No small trade this. Five years ago it was estimated that a hundred million pounds of wool-rag or rag-wool were worked up annually by the Yorkshire clothmakers; and now the quantity must be much more. About four-fifths are home produce, the rest is imported from Germany, Holland, and Denmark. The continental woollen manufacturers have not yet done much in the making up of shoddy into cloth; some of the rags are sent to England for sale as rags, the remainder is ground up into shoddy and shipped in that state. Dealers in Yorkshire buy all that comes to hand, rags and shoddy alike, sort it into many kinds and qualities, and sell it to the manufacturers of different kinds of textile goods.

We repeat, there is nothing reprehensible in this utilising of half-worn woollen fibres, provided the commodity be not sold to us as "all new wool." Let us settle down in the belief that nearly all cheap and middle class woollen cloth contains some mungo or shoddy, in small or large proportion as the case may be; that it will render a fair amount of useful service; and that it is worth what it has cost.

But we cannot give such a verdict in regard to the chalk which chokes and overweighs nearly all the calico now made. Under a plea which has a small amount of usefulness to recommend it, the manufacturers have gone on to an extent which fair dealing cannot justify. We call the offender chalk, because there is a popular belief that chalk is the word, although this does not absolutely correspond with the fact. In preparing cotton yarn for the weaver, the threads require a certain amount of preparation or dressing to smooth them, to lessen the amount of friction while the west is crossing the warp in the loom, and to increase the

strength-all good objects, tending to make the calico what it ought to be. But see how the matter has travelled on from one stage to another. The substance employed was at first a kind of size or thin glue, made by boiling animal membrane; and hence the name of sizing. Then came a kind of liquid flour-paste, afterwards superseded by a fermented muddle of flour and tallow. The quantity used was gradually increased, until the mixture amounted to about twenty per cent of the weight of cotton in the calico. The next advance was made on the score of colour. Some of the sizers or dressers, observing that the mixture gave a brownish tint to the calico, if inferior flour were used, made experiments which led them to the fact that a small addition of china-clay-such as is dug up in Cornwall for the use of the Staffordshire and Worcester porcelain manufacturers-would give whiteness to the mixture. They also found that the china-clay so far reduced the glutinous quality of the flour that the warps would weave easily with a smaller amount of tallow in the mixture. Thus far the calico weavers had reason to be satisfied with the change, and no particular harm was done; but they were tempted into a path which gradually led away from-well, let us call it the path of rectitude. When the war with Russia caused a considerable rise in the price of tallow, some of the manufacturers omitted this ingredient wholly or in great part, and made up the deficiency with china-clay, of course purchasable at a much smaller price; but the total percentage of dressing was not much greater than before, relatively to the weight of calico. The makers of the better kinds of calico, or the firms which looked out for the maintenance of their good name in the eyes of the world, continued to prepare a white dressing by using good flour with tallow, ignoring the china-clay altogether.

Matters thus went on until the eventful cotton famine in 1862, when the closing of the American ports by the Federal forces nearly cut off the supply of cotton on which England had been accustomed to rely. Cotton rose rapidly in price; the best kinds were almost unattainable; while the poorer kinds do not weave well without a large amount of dressing or sizing. So far there was a justification for increasing the proportion of such additions to calico; but mark the result (we will quote official language in narrating it): "Weight for

of the goodness of any description of vard-wide cloth; and with the scarcity of raw material came the practice of giving a fictitious weight to cloth containing less cotton, in order to make it appear that it contained more. It became a matter of rivalry with sizers which of them could, on the order of the manufacturer, anxious to meet the demands of merchants, put most foreign matter upon the cotton warps. From this practice of heavy sizing, the more respectable manufacturers long kept aloof; but they did so at the expense of their immediate trade; and for the last three years, every yard of cotton cloth made at Todmorden, and many other places, has been weighted with quantities of size."

These are the words of Doctor Buchanan: how they came to be used we may now explain. A few months ago a memorial was presented to the Lords of the Privy Council, from more than sixteen hundred operative weavers in the factory district of Todmorden. The memorial told the calico story thus:

"That for several years a material called kaolin, or china-clay, has been introduced into the manufacture of calico and other grey goods.

"That in some mills sizing, including china-clay, is laid on to the warp to the extent of forty, sixty, and even one hundred per cent.

"That before the American war the percentage was ten.

"That ingredients believed to be poisonous are used to make the china-clay adhere to the warps.

"That to prevent the breaking, through dryness of the atmosphere, it is necessary to close the ventilators in the weavers' sheds.

"That through this closeness of ventilation the weavers are compelled to inhale the dust from the china-clay that rises from the warps, mixed with the poisonous ingredients.'

The memorialists proceeded to detail the modes in which, according to their opinion, their health was affected by this state of things; distress from heat and thirst, difficulty of respiration, loss of appetite, bronchitis, and other uncomfortables; and finally urged that the Lords of the Council would send a medical inspector to inquire into the whole affair. They did so; Doctor Buchanan was sent; and his report has been published among the parliamentary papers. length had been, as it still is, the chief test | He inquired into the various substances

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known by the general name of sizing or dressing-flour, tallow, Epsom salts, chloride of magnesium, sulphate and chloride of zinc, animal size, and china-clay, combined two or three together, in various ways, and found that the last-named is the most generally used of all. Coarse and middling calicoes have fifty to ninety per cent of dressing given to them, of which

one-third is clay.

We will not go into the medical details adduced by Doctor Buchanan, acting in his official capacity as medical officer of the Local Government Board. He found that it really is the case that the calico-weaving rooms are full of dust, one-half of which at least consists of fine particles of chinaclay; and that this dust acts injuriously on the lungs of the workpeople. And while this is going on, we have the uncomfortable consciousness that we are buying clay and calico instead of calico alone. Messrs. Huckaback and Dimity, drapers and mercers, of course do not admit this; they would deny that they ever sell a yard of clay; but it is a fact that among the coarser goods, at any rate, a so-called yard of calico has a seriously large per centage of clay in its composition.

And now, how about Jonathan? We have learned a little about is he? shoddy and mungo in woollen cloth, and chalk, or rather clay, in calico; but-who or what is Jonathan? Jonathan, then, is a thing, not a person: a thing whose name has but recently come under the notice of the public; and, unhappily, this thing is a cheat, a deceit, an adulterant, a sophistication, a sham, a shame, a discredit, a dis-

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Let us give the particulars of a recent prosecution in the North of England, suppressing the names of the offenders and of the town, in the hope that the town will mend its ways, and induce the offenders to reform. A miller was summoned before the magistrates, by order of the local board of health, charged with having in his possession "sixty-three sacks of an article, supposed to be sawdust, for the adulteration of meal, contrary to the provisions of the Adulteration of Food Act." The article, it appears, was known to the trade by the mysterious name of Jonathan. clearly proved that the sacks filled with the commodity had been delivered at the mill; but it had to be shown what Jonathan really was. A witness for the defence said it was meal: a witness for the prosecution asserted that it was not fit for the food | be disentangled."

either of man or beast. An analytical chemist was requested to examine it. reported that it consisted entirely of fibre. generally resembling oat-husks which had been calcined and ground. There was scarcely a trace of anything that could be called nutriment. It would be worse than sawdust if eaten either by man or beast, because the husks would irritate the interior membranes and bring on inflamma-In no sense could it be called meal. The accused, driven up into a corner, and anxious to show that Jonathan is not sawdust, was obliged to admit that it is oat-husk; but contended that it is not a "foreign substance" within the meaning of the Act of Parliament. But the Bench, fortunately for the cause of justice and morality, decided that Jonathan is a very "foreign substance" indeed, when used as an adulterant of meal; and they signified their opinion by imposing a fine and costs. It came out, during the trial, that Jonathan had been known among the millers for fifteen years; it was mixed with maizemeal, barley-meal, and pig-meal. mixers undersold the honest millers in the market; for genuine meal would naturally be more costly to produce than meal plus oat-husks.

"TO BEGIN WITH RATS."

"Do you know," asked Maximilian, what a rat-king is?"

"A king of the rats, I suppose," inno-

cently replied Edgar.

"Oh dear, no," said Maximilian. rat-king, or, as they would call it in Brandenburg, a 'Rattenkönig,' is a much more complicated entity than you imagine, consisting of a number of rats, with their tails so entangled together that they cannot get apart. Such a combination is said to have been found towards the end of the seventeenth century. No fewer than fifteen rats were discovered with their tails twisted together after the fashion I have described, so that the whole group, if we may trust the record, bore no small resemblance to a plaited chignon of the present day. After they had been discovered they endeavoured to make their escape; and all attempts to kill them or to separate them by means of a broom proved fruitless. Boiling water thrown upon them by a servantgirl at last terminated their complex lives; but even after death their tails were not to

"There is no knowing what we may find in those old Brandenburg Marches," exclaimed Laurence. "Near a town called Rheinsberg, which takes its name from the Rhein, a river which empties itself into the Havel, and is not to be confounded with its celebrated namesake, is a lake, from which the river perhaps derives its source. In this lake is an island, where they say years ago was discovered the tomb of no less a person than Remus, who, as we were taught to believe, was killed by his brother Romulus on the site of Rome."

"And whose existence," interposed Edgar, "we have since been taught to disbelieve altogether."

"The discovery was made long before the days of Niebuhr," said Laurence, "at a time when people were much more ready to believe than they are at present. The tomb seems to have consisted of two marble blocks, one somewhat longer than the other; and the convincing proof that the huge bones discovered within it were those of Remus, was the fact that on one side there was a representation of six birds—"

"I see," cried Edgar, "these were, of course, the birds seen by Remus upon Mount Aventine."

"On the other was an inscription," proceeded Laurence, "which, however, was scarcely legible."

"Capital!" shouted Edgar. "Six birds carved on one stone and a few scratches on another, are sufficient to constitute an historical monument!"

"I assure you there have been learned people who have not treated the matter so lightly. It has been argued that the river ought to be called Remus, and that Rheinsberg might be conveniently converted into Remusberg. Nay, some have said that Remus could have effected his escape to Germany with the greatest ease. In his time the most powerful people in Italy were the Tuscans. The Tuscans were called Tuiscones, and Tuiscones is only a variation of Deutschen. Now, of course people of the same race are sure to be on friendly terms with each other."

"I am not sure that history exactly proves the truth of that proposition," remarked Maximilian. "Indeed, the doctrine it embodies was exploded long before the Flood, by Cain and Abel. It would be more rational to conjecture that the six birds were the hawks with which King Henry the Fowler was amusing himself when the Franks and Saxons offered him the crown of Germany."

"I don't see it," sneered Edgar. "We have not the slightest notion where Remus was buried, and for all we can prove to the contrary, his remains may lie near the banks of the Havel, or of the Mississippi, or of whatever river you please. On the other hand, we are all aware that King Henry was comfortably interred in his favourite city, Quedlinburg."

"To say nothing of the fact," added Laurence, "that the earliest chroniclers who write about Henry do not say a word shout his bird actabing."

who write about about his bird-catching."

"Well, gentlemen," said Maximilian, looking somewhat humiliated, "let me observe, that when you do agree, your unanimity is wonderful. Let us settle the dispute by conceding that the hawks seen by Remus, and Henry's pet falcons, were most probably birds of a feather."

"Or of no feather," impertmently suggested Edgar.

"Laurence's story, if story it can be called, is, however," continued Maximilian, "so far important, that it almost ridiculously illustrates a truth, about which we were all agreed long ago, that ancient monuments often, instead of throwing light upon true history, are sources of mere false-But while we are mentally in hood. Brandenburg, let us glide upwards from this Rheinsberg, or Remusberg, or whatever it is to be called, and taking a southwestern direction, arrive at Tangermunde, near Stendal, in the Old March, with which we are all familiar. We shall find there a story of the Maid Lorenz, which is one of the most popular in the district."

"We need scarcely say 'proceed,'" said Laurence, "especially as the lady seems to have been a namesake of mine."

"Her full name," returned Maximilian, "was Emerentia Lorenz, and so marvellous was her beauty that all Tangermunde was proud of her. She was likewise well endowed with property, real and personal. She had a town house admirably furnished, and withal a large patch of woodland, bordered by good arable land. Now, one fine morning, in Whitsuntide, when all nature wore a very pleasant and promising aspect, this beauiful Brandenburg heiress, straying into a forest, there lost herself, and after much wandering about, lay down and slept. When she awoke the sun was already setting, and the way out of the wood seemed harder to be found than ever. She was therefore compelled to abandon the search, and make up her mind to remain beneath the trees all night. The

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return of morning brought with it renewed hopes, but again evening came, the wishedfor discovery had not been made, and Emerentia was obliged to pass another night in the wood, feeling very weak through want of sustenance, the few berries which she had eaten through the day proving anything but substantial fare. On the third morning, however, when she awoke from her night's sleep, she felt herself invigorated, and uttered a fervent prayer, vowing that, if Heaven in its mercy would allow her to leave the wood and return home, she would devote herself to a secluded religious life, and never marry. When her prayer was just concluded-and she was still on her knees-a stag rushed through the thicket, and, suddenly stopping himself, remained stationary before her, as if surprised to find

her in so secluded a spot. "After awhile he touched her with his horns, motioning her to follow him, and as she did not appear to understand, he knelt down, so clearly inviting her to seat herself on his back that she, without hesitation, accepted the offer. Away they went, the stag being evidently acquainted with every inch of the track, and soon the wood was behind them, and Tangermünde in sight. Without stopping, the stag carried his fair burden through the streets of the town, till he reached the portals of the church of St. Nicholas, where he knelt down, and Emerentia alighted. While she was engaged within the holy edifice, rendering thanks for her delivery, he remained respectfully at the door, and afterwards accompanied her to her house, which henceforth he made his home, now and then paying a visit to the forest, but never remaining long ab-A collar, which she fastened round his neck, and which was inscribed with her name, protected him from injury as he went to and fro, the inhabitants of the town generally regarding him with veneration. To her vow of celibacy she rigidly adhered, and she set up in the church of St. Nicholas, to which she bequeathed her estate, a stag's head, upon which was a fulllength figure representing herself. figure, I believe, still remains in its place, although the church has been converted into a hospital, and it is said that strange unearthly noises are heard if any one ventures to touch the horns of the stag."

"That is a very pretty story—pretty from its simplicity," observed Laurence. "The supernatural element creeps into it without destroying its natural interest."

"Ay," said Edgar, "how it would have been altered if it had fallen into the hands of one of the professed tale-makers; the Countess d'Aulnoy, or Madame de Villeneuve, for instance, would assuredly have converted the stag into an enchanted prince, and we should have had another Royal Ram or Beauty and the Beast, with all sorts of courtly decoration."

"While we are on the subject of Tangermunde, I can tell you another tale, which is not so pretty, but far more curious," said

Maximilian.

"Then do so by all means," returned Laurence.

"Well, then, many years ago an aged couple lived in one of the streets of Tangermünde, and gained a subsistence partly by hard work, and partly by training bees. One day, while the old man was in his garden watching his hives, his wife came to the back door of the house to call him To her astonishment she perin to dinner. ceived standing behind him, and looking over his shoulder, a man dressed in a long flame-coloured cloak, with a red cap on his So great was her terror, that she returned into the house without calling her husband, where her alarm was increased, when glancing at a picture, which had hung against the wall from time immemorial, she observed that it bore a strong resemblance to the red-clad, pale-faced stranger in the garden. When her husband came in after awhile, she questioned him about his strange visitor, but he did not seem to understand what she meant, and strongly asserted his opinion that she had been dreaming."

"Some would have entertained a less courteous hypothesis," interrupted Edgar.

"Courteous or not, it led to a few words, proceeded Maximilian, "causing the first quarrel that had ever ruffled the lives of this worthy pair. On the noon of the following day, the old lady, going to the back door as before, saw the same apparition; but her husband, so far from seeming to be aware of its presence, walked straight through it, without meeting any apparent obstacle, and asked her if the visitor of the previous day had again made his appearance. Sorely perplexed, the old lady, on that very day proceeded to her confessor, and asked him what had best be done under these very difficult circumstances. She was informed that on the next day she ought to enter the garden herself at the time of noon, make a sign of the cross, and boldly ask the stranger whence he had

come, and whither he was going. This counsel she followed, and at the prescribed hour went into the garden, her husband, for some reason or other, refusing to accompany her, in spite of her urgent entreaties. The stranger was there, the questions were asked, and by way of answer, the poor old lady received from an icy cold hand a slap which levelled her with the ground. When her husband came to look for her, she lay extended on a spot in the garden where two paths crossed. The stranger was not to be seen."

"It is a strange feature in this story, that the spectre, contrary to precedent, selects noon for the time of his appearance," observed Laurence.

"And perhaps it is still more strange," added Maximilian, "that the red man should reappear within the last forty years. The death of the poor old lady, who expired three days after her encounter with the apparition, and carried to the grave five black finger-marks on her cheek, occurred long ago; but according to popular belief, a little girl, of two years, belonging to more recent owners of that house, could never be prevailed upon to walk on the cross-path, but always chose some other way, and when asked for her reason, exclaimed, 'Red man! Red man!' The child died at the age of five, and they accounted for her terror by affirming that she had actually seen a red man standing on the indicated

"This red man seems to be very fond of killing people," observed Edgar. "Did he box the ears of the little girl?"

"On the contrary," replied Maximilian, "though he was seen in the garden after the death of the old woman, he never molested anybody."

"He must have been intensely goodhumoured," said Laurence, "to allow the old man to walk through him."

"True—and all things considered," remarked Edgar, "I think the old woman had better have left him alone. But after all, what is this red man supposed to be?"

"That I cannot say," replied Maximilian, "but there is a story connected with that apparition, which, perhaps, you would like to hear, though it is possibly a comparatively recent invention. You are to suppose that ages ago, the son of one of the great men of Tangermünde fell in love with a girl of humble condition, though his father had chosen for him a lady to whose family he was deeply indebted."

"We have heard of similar positions before," ejaculated Edgar.

"The poor girl, lamenting her hapless state, sat one evening in the garden," continued Maximilian.

"The identical garden, afterwards tenanted by the old couple?" inquired Laurence.

"The identical garden, afterwards te-nanted by the old couple," echoed Maximilian. "Suddenly, in the full light of the moon, she saw standing in the cross-path a little red man, who, bidding her not to be alarmed, asked her to come to the same spot on the following evening. She complied with the request, and at the appointed place found the little man, who, seating himself beside her, narrated his own history. He was, it seemed, the ghost of a Wendish prince, who, by birth a heathen, had become a Christian through his love for a Christian lady, and had deserted a bride of his own race in consequence. Having overheard his declaration of love made to her rival on the banks of the Elbe, the forsaken damsel flung herself into the stream and perished. The prince buried her with all honour; but her father condemned him to wander upon earth until he was released from the spell by a pair of faithful lovers, whom no consideration could separate. Not having been fortunate enough to find a couple answering to this description, he had had recourse to other expedients. He had, for instance, built a convent, endowed it with all his wealth, and even died in it; but all this had been to no purpose, and since the hour of his decease he had been a miserable wanderer. Now, however, deliverance seemed at hand, and he bade the girl meet him on the following evening with a spade in her hand."

"That will make three evenings," interposed Edgar; "he would have economised time if he had told his story, and given his orders for the spade on the first."

"Have you forgotten that predilection for the number three which is visible in so many legends and popular tales?" asked Laurence.

"I stand corrected," said Edgar.

"The girl came as required, although there was a violent storm, and though an oak on the cross-path was struck by lightning, she boldly used her spade, and dug the ground till she came to an iron chest full of gold and precious stones. This treasure she presented on the following morning to her lover, who, releasing his father from all pecuniary difficulties, mar-

ried her without obstacle. The little red man was never seen again, and it was therefore to be presumed that he had attained the desired repose; but his portrait was painted from memory, and hung up as

Charles Dickens.]

was painted from memory, and hung up a grateful monument in the house."

"Here we have the picture that was seen by the old woman," remarked Edgar; "but altogether this pretended introduction does not accurately fit the popular story. The red man ought not have reappeared, after he had assisted the girl to marry her lover, and yet it is to account for his appearance at an after date that the tale is told."

"At all events we understand why he slapped the old woman's face," said Laurence. "The ghost of a man, who has built a convent, and ended his life in penitence, is, from the legendary point of view, an honest ghost, and would, therefore, naturally dislike to be exorcised like an evil spirit."

"Nevertheless," objected Edgar, "he

need not have hit so hard."

LOVE'S REASONS.

Why do I love my darling so? Good faith, my heart, I hardly know, I have such store of reasons; 'Twould take me all a summer day— Nay, saying half that I could say Would fill the circling seasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown, My dove, who quietly hath flown To me as to her haven? Because her hair is soft, and laid Madonna-wise in simple braid, And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch, Not chill, nor fiery overmuch, But softly warm as roses. Dear lips that chasten while they move, Lips that a man may dare to love, Till earthly love-time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,
Of touch so tender and so light,
That where her slender finger
Doth fall or move, the man to whom
The guards of Eden whispered, "Come!"
Beneath its spell might linger?

Because her heart is woman-soft, So true, so tender, that I oft Do marvel that a treasure, So rich, so rare, to me should fall, Whose sole desert—so small, so small, Is—loving past all measure?

Because she has such store of moods, So archly smiles, so staidly broods, So lovingly caresses; So that my heart may never tire Of monotone, or more desire Than she, my love, possesses? Ah me! what know or what care I? Or what hath love to do with "why"? How simple is the reason! I love her—for she is my love, And shall while stars shall shine above, And season follow season.

CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

OLD ST. PAUL'S.

THE somewhat credulous and simplehearted antiquaries of Charles the Second's reign fought hard with Sir Christopher Wren, because he would not allow that a Roman temple to Diana ever stood on the site of St. Paul's. There had indeed been a vague tradition among the learned for many centuries that in the reign of Edward the Third an incredible quantity of staghorns, boars' tusks, and skulls of oxen had been dug up in St. Paul's Churchyard, and these bones, the antiquaries insisted, were remains of ancient sacrifices to Diana. Moreover, they pointed with triumph to a small household image of the chaste goddess that had been found between the deanery and St. Paul's. But Wren would listen to none of these things. He stuck steadily to facts, and assured the Scribleruses of the day that in all his excavations he had not found a single bone or

But what he did find was curious. Inside the old Roman prætorian camp he discovered, deep below the aisles of the old church, rows of Saxon graves lined with slabs of chalk, and Saxon stone coffins. Below these, in due sequence, came the British graves, with here and there among the earth ivory and wooden pins that had fastened the woollen shrouds. In the same level, and deeper (eighteen feet from the surface) were Roman funeral urns, lamps of red Samian ware, vessels for holding tears, and vessels used in sacrifices. Outside the old prætorian camp, therefore, according to the Roman custom, there had evidently been a Roman cemetery. Yet, singularly enough, the old theory of the Temple of Diana cropped up again in 1830, for in that year a rude stone altar, with an image of Diana upon it, resembling in form and attitude the Diana of the Louvre, turned up under the foundation of Goldsmiths' Hall (Foster-lane, north side of Cheapside). So that those who love old traditions can still believe that during the Diocletian persecution the first Christian church on the site of St. Paul's was pulled down, and a temple to Diana built on its ruins, while at Westminster a shrine to Apollo displaced St.

Peter and his keys. One thing, at least, is certain, that in the old times, when the north of London was all swamp and forest, the Romans on the banks of the Thames frequently erected shrines to the divine huntress.

Mellitus, a companion of St. Augustine, was the first bishop of London, and Ethelbert, King of Kent, founded and endowed a cathedral, which he dedicated to St. Paul, who, as ecclesiastical tradition asserts, first brought Christianity to Britain. For thirtyeight years the pagan Londoners resisted the Christian bishops, nor, till the brother of St. Chad of Lichfield arrived at St. Paul's did their shouts cease to Wodin and Thor. Erkenwald, the fourth successor of Mellitus, brought, however, wealth and saintly glory to the cathedral. His greatest miracle was this. The worthy man used to preach in the forests round London; after a certain rough drive one of the two wheels of the cart that conveyed him on his rounds came off, and there he must have remained water-logged had not the sound wheel miraculously moved on alone, and carried him safely to his savage congregation. Even a greater miracle happened after his death, at his sister's nunnery at Barking. Directly they heard of his death the monks of his abbey at Chertsey made forced marches to Barking to secure his holy body; but the canons of St. Paul's, equally anxious to found a profitable shrine, pushed for Chertsey too, and arriving there first, bore off the body in triumph towards Lon-The Chertsey monks and the nuns of Barking followed, weeping and protesting. Heaven seemed to hear their cries; a tempest came on, and the River Lea rose in fury. A pious man present adjured both claimants to leave the matter to the decision of Heaven. The London clergy burst forth into a litany. The Lea at once calmed down, the procession passed over to Stratford, and from thence marched in sunshine to St. Paul's. The shrine soon became famous; pilgrims began to pour in, and with the richer pilgrims came costly offerings. King Stephen translated the body of Erkenwald from the crypt to a spot behind the high altar. Three goldsmiths of London were employed a whole year at the shrine. The relics of St. Mellitus were for The dust from the new ever eclipsed. tomb, mingled with water, wrought re-markable cures, and brought in many a penny to the dean and chapter. When King John of France was taken prisoner at Poictiers he presented four basins of gold

at the high altar, and twenty-two nobles at the shrine of St. Erkenwald.

William the Conqueror is said to have bestowed valuable privileges and immunities on St. Paul's; at all events, the cathedral clergy claimed them as real. The very year the stern Norman died a great fire swept away the Saxon cathedral, and probably reduced to ashes the bodies of Mellitus and Erkenwald. Bishop Mauritius set strenuously to work to rebuild his cathedral, and the Conqueror, almost on his death-bed, gave towards the restoration the stone of the Palatine tower, perhaps a Roman fort, that stood where the Blackfriars monastery afterwards arose. forty years Mauritius and his frugal successor, De Belmeis, went on building St. Paul's, and Henry the First granted exemption to all vessels which entered the Fleet laden with stone for the new cathe-

During the strife between King Henry and the ambitious Becket, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, and Becket's rival, was excommunicated by Becket, one of whose emissaries had the courage during high mass to approach the altar and thrust the sentence into the hands of the officiating priest, shouting at the same time:

"Know all men that Gilbert, Bishop of London, is excommunicated by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury."

In the troublous reign of Edward the Second, the threshold of St. Paul's was first stained with the blood of a murdered man. Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, and lord high treasurer of England, who held London for the king, had demanded the keys of the City from the lord mayor, who was swerving to the queen's side. The was swerving to the queen's side. citizens rose in arms and frightened their mayor into treason. The cry was raised, "Death to the queen's enemies!" The mob fell on a servant of the Despensers and cut off his head. Then rushing to the bishop's palace (Exeter-street, Strand), they broke down the gate and destroyed all the jewels and plate. The bishop riding out in armour towards Islington, galloped back to St. Paul's to claim sanctuary. At the north door he was dragged from his horse, and with two of his retainers beheaded in Cheapside. The bishop's body was tossed contemptuously into the Thames.

The reforms of Wycliffe brought fresh uproar into St. Paul's. In the last year of Edward the Third's reign, when the old king was fast dying, Wycliffe was summoned to St. Paul's for his heretical

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Bishop Courtenay, proud and opinions. inflexible, was bearded by Wycliffe's friends and supporters, John of Gaunt and the Earl Marshal Percy. They forced a way for Wycliffe through the scowling crowd, and demanded a soft seat for the culprit in the Lady Chapel. They taunted the bishop with pride, and the earl was said to have threatened to drag him out of the church The people by the hair of his head. complaining of the earl-marshal's assumption within the lord mayor's jurisdiction, a tumult rapidly spread through the City, and a priest, mistaken for the earl-marshal, was murdered. John of Gaunt's palace in the Savoy was attacked, and would have been burned but for the bishop's intercession.

A few years more, and old John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," was buried in St. Paul's. The helmet, spear, and horn targe of the claimant of the crown of Castile was hung upon his sumptuous pinnacled tomb, and by the side of his calm, recumbent effigy lay that of his second wife, Constance of Castile. When Henry Bolingbroke (before his coronation as Henry the Fourth) came to St. Paul's to offer prayers for the success of his invasion, he paused to shed tears over the grave of his father, John of Gaunt. Soon after, when Richard the Second was starved to death, or murdered at Pontefract, his shrunken body was brought to St. Paul's, and there exhibited for three days, and Henry and his nobles spread cloth-of-gold upon the bier of the poor reckless spendthrift whom they had deposed.

During the Wars of the Roses, many of the historical pageants of those cruel times took place in the old cathedral. In March, 1451, Richard, Duke of York, took his oath of fealty to the young king, so soon after his deadliest enemy, and swore on the gospels to be a "humble subject and liegeman," and to bear "faith and trust to his sovereign liege lord," and as he stood there among the knights in their glistening armour, he appealed to the Host that stood on the high altar. Six years later, after the battle of St. Albans, the treacherous duke again came to St. Paul's to meet the weak and irresolute monarch, and knelt in feigned reconciliation. Two years later and the cruel and turbulent men who figure in Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth, once more gathered in St. Paul's. Again there was a feigned reconciliation, although the captive king had already been forced by Warwick to award the succession to the Duke of York, and his grim Queen Margaret was already |

gathering her Lancastrian forces in the North. In 1461, St. Paul's welcomed King Edward the Fourth and Warwick his ally. Then the whirlpool of blood grew larger and more raging, till Warwick, the king-maker, fell at Barnet, and his naked body was exposed in St. Paul's for three days, to convince his London adherents that the Achilles of their party was really dead. In the following month the corpse of Henry himself was displayed in the cathedral, and in whispers the scared citizens hinted that Richard of Gloucester, the Crookback, had slain him with his own hand in the Tower.

Then comes that dark reign that Shakespeare has painted with all the gloom of Rembrandt. After the death of Edward the Fourth, Richard paid his ostentatious orisons in St. Paul's; and after the young prince was removed from the bishop's palace to the Tower, from which he was never to emerge, Doctor Shaw, a brother of the lord mayor, preached at Paul's Cross (in the churchyard), a hireling sermon, denouncing all the elder brothers of Richard as illegitimate. Jane Shore, another of the Crookback's victims, did penance in St. Paul's for witchcraft; and her exquisite beauty, as she walked, bowed down with shame, touched the hearts of the citizens. On his accession, the evil king, with suspicious eyes, his fingers, as the old chroniclers tell vs, ever twitching at his dagger, rode with his spiritual and temporal peers to the London cathedral, and was there received with the usual vociferous welcome.

Bosworth came at last, and after Richard's gashed and mutilated body had been thrown over a horse and carried to Leicester, Henry the Seventh donned the crown. Paul's the grave and cautious conqueror came after his defeat of Simnel, in two solemn processions, the cowed impostor (afterwards a scullion in the royal kitchen) riding in his train. And soon again St. Paul's was defiled with blood. Fitzjames, Bishop of London, hating Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, and furious against those early reformers, the Lollards, had two of them burned in Smithfield. One of them, named Hunn, who had contended against the abuses of the Ecclesiastical Court, he imprisoned in the Lollards' Tower, the bishop's private prison, at the south-west corner of the cathedral. One night the man was found hanged, and the bishop's chancellor, the sumner, and the cathedral bell-ringer were tried for the Lollard's The king, however, pardoned murder.

the fanatical criminals on their paying fifteen hundred pounds to the dead man's family; and Fitzjames shielding his officers, burned Hunn's body, sixteen days after, at Smithfield. Colet himself had a narrow escape of the flames. The last time Henry the Seventh entered St. Paul's he was a passive spectator. On his death, at Richmond, in 1509, his body lay in state in St. Paul's; for his great carved casket of a chapel at Westminster was not yet ready for him.

Henry the Eighth's pride, splendour, and tyranny were all illustrated in the pageants and ceremonials that took place in the cathedral of London. When the pope, little suspecting the future, sent the young king a hood and cap of maintenance, the king rode to the church door wearing a purple satin gown, chequered with gold, a doublet of gold brocade, a jewelled collar, "worth a well full of gold," and a jewelled purple velvet cap. Wolsey, too, took no mean part in many of the high days at St. Paul's. In 1518 we find him preaching a sermon on the proclamation of the peace between France, England, and Spain, when the choir was hung with gold bro-cade, heraldically emblazoned. The king's pew was formed of cloth of gold, and in front of it stood a small altar crowded with small silver-gilt images, amongst which stood a golden cross. On the other side in a raised chair, under a canopy, sat the proud cardinal. The king's tunic was studded with pearls and jewels, and on the collar he wore round his neck glowed carbuncles as large as walnuts. It was after a mass by Wolsey at St. Paul's, in the king's chapel, that Henry, standing be-tween two legates, signed the marriage contract of his beautiful sister, Mary, and the French dauphin. A few years later the king's aversion to Luther (for he had not yet quarrelled with the pope) was proclaimed at St. Paul's by the public de-nouncement of Luther by Wolsey, the while a pile of Luther's books was blazing outside in the churchyard. When Charles the Fifth paid one of his artful business visits to England, Wolsey said mass before him in St. Paul's.

With Edward the Sixth, rough hands visited St. Paul's. One November night, the great rood in St. Paul's and the images were pulled down, and the walls whitewashed, to the destruction of all idolatrous paintings. The rich plate and vessels were seized, and the Protector Somerset pulled down the chapter and charnel-house in Paul's Churchyard, and carted off five hundred tons of bones to Finsbury fields. He demolished also the long cloister within the precinct, and used the stones for his new palace, called Somerset House, in the

Strand.

The promising young "imp of promise" died, and Queen Mary very quickly reclothed St. Paul's, and raised again the fallen statues. At the first sermon at Paul's Cross, Doctor Bourne the preacher prayed for the dead, denounced the recent imprisonment of Bonner, and railed at Bishop Ridley. The Protestant mob, chafing into a rage, shouted "He preaches damnation; pull him down, pull him down," and a dagger was thrown at Bourne, who was only saved by the interposition of two good Protestants; and soon after this a bullet was fired at Doctor Pendleton, another preacher. Then Bonner replaced the rood, and there were constant processions of coped men to the restored cathedral, and King Philip, grim and cold, came and heard Gardiner preach against heresy in St. Paul's. All through this cruel reign of blood and flame, the martyrs, sent to the Smithfield fires with terrible rapidity, were arraigned at St. Paul's before the lord mayor, sheriffs, the Bishop of London, and his gloomy doctors; to-day, Cardmaker, the vicar of St. Bride's, and a poor Walbrook cloth-maker; to-morrow, an upholsterer, a preacher, and a tallow-chandler's apprentice-all went the same way to the last great argument of Bonner and his priests.

With Elizabeth, sunshine again broke out upon St. Paul's. The old cathedral was purified of its mummery, down went Bonner's rood cross, and in many places bonfires were made of copes, banners, robes, and altar-cloths. Soon afterwards, Miles Coverdale, and several well-known bold Reformers, preached at the Cross, and Veron, a popular preacher, fresh from the Tower, shouted from the pulpit, with justifiable exultation, "Where are the bishops and the old preachers! They hide their heads." In the midst of all this rejoicing, a more terrible purifier than the Tudor queen came to cleanse the sanctuary. During a terrible storm in 1561, St. Martin's Church, Ludgate, was struck by lightning, and, at the same time, the cathedral steeple suddenly broke into a flame. For four hours the fire raged till the bells melted, stones crumbled to ashes, and the great leaden roof fell in. "A judgment; a manifest judgment," at once shouted

Bonner's party. "A punishment for papal sacrilege," roared the Protestants. In vain Dean Nowell, the Sunday after, at the Cross, reminded the Roman Catholics that in Stephen's time, the church had been burned, and that in Richard the Second's time (the time of redundant faith), an earthquake had shivered down the spire. "A wonder it has been spared so long," still cried the zealots on both sides, and gloried in the ruin of God's temple.

Protestant zeal was not tardy, the queen gave one thousand marks in gold, and one thousand marks' worth of forest-timber. The clergy raised fourteen hundred and sixty pounds. A false roof was soon erected, and in November of the same year the lord mayor, aldermen, and all the crafts, with eighty torch-bearers, came and heard a suitable sermon. The steeple, however, as Dean Milman mentions, was never again restored, in spite of the irascible queen's protests. Queen Mary had, in her hot zeal, done her best to purify St. Paul's of many abuses, especially to prevent brewers, fishhucksters, and fruit-sellers carrying casks and baskets through the church, and carriers and drovers leading mules, horses, and beasts through the cathedral aisle with as little reverence as English tourists, who lug their portmanteaus through German cathedrals. Her sister Elizabeth, following the same path, threatened two months' imprisonment to any one who dared or offered to draw his rapier, or fire his hand-gun or "dag" within the precinct of St. Paul's, and also warned off all who chaffered and bargained during the time of divine service. Yet so inconsistent is human nature, that although the very year of the fire a pillory was set up in the church, and a brawler's ears cut off, the disgrace still continued. Servants thronged to St. Paul's to be hired. Hungry and thirsty sponges hung about Duke Humphrey's tomb, waiting for a job or an invitation, stabbers came there to watch their victims, advertisements were posted up in the middle aisle, and hungry men-about-town paced up and down, bantering and laughing till the ordinary dinners were ready in Paternosterrow and Fleet-street.

Just before Bishop Sandys's election (1570), John Felton, a daring fanatic, had the hardihood to nail a copy of the pope's bull against the queen on the bishop's gates, before which he was very soon hanged. One extant anecdote of Elizabeth especially connects her with St. Paul's. One day Dean Nowell placed in her pew in the church

a German prayer-book full of illuminated pictures of the saints. Long and loudly the queen chided the rash dean for not knowing that she had an aversion to such On another occasion the dean idolatry. denounced from the pulpit, as full of superstition, a book, which had lately been dedicated to the queen, till the queen in a bitter voice called from her closet, "Leave those ungodly digressions, Mr. Dean, and return to the text," which nearly frightened the reverend gentleman out of his day's appetite.

Then came that glorious time when eleven Spanish flags, wrested from the shattered Armada, waved from the battlements of St. Paul's, as the queen, followed by her council, nobles, and judges, rode up to the cathedral in a chariot drawn by four white horses. Over the preacher on that triumphant day fluttered an idolatrous Spanish flag, representing the Virgin with the child in her arms. In this reign the choristers of St. Paul's performed plays in their singing-school. The first state lotteries in England were at the same period drawn in a shed at the west door of St. Paul's.

There was blood again shed at St. Paul's in King James's time. Four of the gunpowder plot fanatics were hung, drawn, and quartered outside the west door of St. Paul's, while Guy Faux and four others suffered at Westminster. A few months later, Garnet, the Jesuit confessor of these desperate men, perished also in St. Paul's King James, visiting St. Churchyard. Paul's to see the ruins of the old spire, headed a subscription for its restoration. Inigo Jones and other commissioners pronounced twenty-two thousand pounds to be requisite for that purpose, and the stone collected for the repairs the Duke of Buckingham afterwards begged for his palace, now gone, though the water-gate still stands in a Strand by-street.

With Charles the First, the zeal of Laud, Bishop of London, soon revived the dormant plans of James. Inigo Jones was building a palace at Whitehall, and he was chosen to restore St. Paul's. The king, himself a man of some taste, was so pleased with Inigo Jones's classical portico, that he undertook to pay for it out of his own purse. Laud gave twelve hundred pounds towards the fund, and it was proposed to shut all shops in Lombard-street and Cheapside, except the goldsmiths', to make the avenue to St. Paul's more splendid. Shops and houses crowding the west front were

recklessly pulled down, and the church of St. Gregory, abutting on the south-west corner of St. Paul's, quickly removed. Inigo Jones, who had been, according to Milman, born near St. Paul's, went zealously to work. He cut away the old Gothic carving wherever decayed. His design, though patchy, was splendid; his west front, supported by four florid Corinthian pillars, one hundred and sixty-one feet long, one hundred and sixty-two feet high, was remembered by Wren. Above the pillars were the statues of ten princely benefactors. The portico was to be an ambulatory for idlers. Laud scraped together obnoxious ecclesiastical fines to pay the builders, while a princely citizen, Sir Paul Pindar, a silk mercer, whose house still exists in Bishopsgate, built a costly screen, and spent four thousand pounds in repairing the south transept. But when the axe fell at Whitehall the building at St. Paul's ceased. The parliament, driven hard for money, seized the seventeen thousand pounds of subscriptions, and paid Colonel Jephson's Puritan regiment with the price of the tower scaffolding, the removal of which quickly brought down part of the south transept. They burned the copes of St. Paul's to extract the gold, and sent the money to the Irish Protestant poor. clapped Cavalier prisoners from Colchester into the deanery, and sold the silver vessels to buy gunpowder. A Puritan lecturer preached in a corner of the building. There is a tradition that Cromwell intended to sell the cathedral to the Jews. The royal statues over the portico were thrown contemptuously down, the portico was parcelled out into seamstresses' shops, the body of the church became a cavalry barrack, and the Puritan dragoons annoyed passers-by, by stopping and questioning them, and playing nine - pins at unreasonable hours. churchyard cross was also pulled down.

Soon after the Restoration, Wren was called in to see the half-ruined cathedral. The carved stalls in the choir, with the organ, had been kicked to pieces by the Puritan troopers, or chopped up for bivouac fires by Cromwell's Ironsides; the preaching place of Doctor Burgess, the orthodox, who, too quote Hudibras,

Proved his faith by blows and knocks,

was now enlarged, but the rest of the church remained disordered and desolate. Wren's report was gloomy enough. The cathedral had never been well built. There was not abutment enough to resist the weight of the now ruined roof. The great pillars, eleven

feet in diameter, were bent outwards at least six inches. Moreover, the pillars themselves proved mere tubes filled with rubbish and mortar, and the outward coat of freestone was rent with age, and mouldered with the saltpetre it contained, which worked through the plaster. Wren advised that the inside of St. Paul's should be cased with large stone in the Roman manner, as Inigo Jones had flagged the exterior, and that the roof should be a thin and light shell of stone, or brick stuccoed, as in many Roman buildings. The tower was leaning, and the three buttresses left were so irregular that they were "incorrigible." One of Wren's remedies was to cut off the inner cornices of the cross, so as to reduce the middle space into a dome with a cupola and a lantern. "This," said the wise little man, "would give the church, which was at present much too narrow for its height, incomparable more grace in the remoter aspect than it is possible for the lean shaft of a steeple to afford." Wren's report closes with what Milman very truly calls a generous homage to Inigo Jones's beautiful portico, which his successor calls "an absolute piece in itself." On August the 27th, 1666 (six years after the Restoration), Evelyn mentions going with Wren and other of his brother commissioners to survey the old ruinous church. Some of the party were of opinion that the walls had been purposely built to bulge outwards, and were desirous to repair the church only on its own foundations, but Wren, Evelyn, and the rest rejected this poor economy, and resolved to alter the mean shape, "and build it with a noble cupola, a form not as yet known in London, but of wonderful grace." The plans and estimates were that very day ordered, and Wren set to work, gravely measuring with rule and compass.

That was August the 27th; at ten P.M. on Saturday, September the first, the Great Fire broke out, and dashed a red cancelling line across Wren's plans. Early on Sunday morning Pepys, who lived in Seethinglane, near the Tower, went out, hearing the alarm, and found the lord mayor in Cannon-street, begging people in vain to pull down houses and check the spreading and most threatening flames, but nobody obeyed, so Pepys calmly rolled home to bed. After dinner that same day Pepys again went to St. Paul's, and found the danger increasing. Goods brought for safety that morning to Cannon-street were now being carted off to Lombard-street. On Tuesday, the 4th, Evelyn saw the flames snatch hold of the scaffolds round St.

Paul's; ten thousand houses were in flames; two miles of buildings were alight; and the clouds of smoke trailed fifty miles away. People were too frightened even to try to save the cathedral. The stones burst like hand-grenades; the molten lead ran in cascades; the very pavement grew red hot. A certain Taswell, at that time a Westminster boy, saw, at eight P.M. on the Tuesday, the flames break out on the top of St. Paul's, and in an hour's time, standing near Westminster, could see to read a small Terence by the glare. The crypt of St. Paul's (the church of St. Faith) had been stuffed with books, and every aperture closed, but the fire soon burnt down to them. Taswell saw the bells melt and the great stones roll down. Near the east end of St. Faith's, he found the yellow shrivelled body of an old woman who had crept there for safety, and had been burnt to death. This was almost the only person who perished in the great The boy, putting on a sword and helmet he had picked up among the ruins, passed safely through the dangerous region, though he saw engines near him on fire and deserted by the firemen. The ashes from the books in St. Faith's were blown as far as Eton.

On the Friday Evelyn again came to London Bridge to see St. Paul's. But alas, the beautiful portico was now rent in pieces, vast stones were split into flakes, and nothing was remaining but the inscription on the architraves, of which not one letter was defaced. Six acres of lead on the roof had melted clean away. The grand monuments, the stately columns, the rich friezes, the carved capitals, were calcined. strangely enough the fire, like a monster whose appetite was at last satiated, had capriciously left the lead over the altar at the east end. Among the monuments of deans one only escaped, the curious effigy of Donne, the great preacher and poet of James the First's days, in his shroud, as the artist, by his own desire, modelled him.

So passed away old St. Paul's.

A WATERING PLACE IN THE PYRENEES.

THE waters of Cauterets are certainly not what the French call les eaux pour While more pretentious wateringplaces, such as Eaux Bonnes and Luchon, boast amusements various enough to necessitate four or five toilettes daily, this little mountain village offers no such carried by parents, the feeble tenderly sup-

attractions as promenades, balls, or concerts. But few people are deluded enough to come here with any view but that of excursionising, or of drinking the waters. As a rule the convives of the table d'hôtes have strong legs or weak throats, and depart as soon as their respective courses are accomplished. But, devoid of agréments as Cauterets indisputably is, suspect that many, who, like ourselves, betake themselves hither with exclusively sanitary motives, prefer the quiet independent life here possible, nay inevitable, to one of more gaiety but less freedom.

Whereas elsewhere the towns cluster round the springs, the waters of Cauterets are at so considerable a height up the mountain sides, that the double expedition in search of the daily dose, goes a good way towards reconciling those who are not strong to primitive hours and habits. A five-miles' walk or ride daily has a decidedly tranquillising effect, and most people intent on their régime find sufficient variety in the drinking, bathing, in the table d'hôtes, and in strolling about the village and mountains. Then, after a winter at Pau, inevitably leading to the discontent inseparable from keeping house in a foreign country, what luxury to be cheated at a fixed rate! to live for one brief month where one eats, drinks, and sleeps by tariff! For almost every one in the Pyrenees sojourns in hotels or pensions.

We have seen Cauterets at all times of the year, excepting winter; have been here early in what is called the "peasants' season," in the fashionable summer months, and have lingered on into the autumn. The price of the waters and baths is very small up to June, to accommodate the poor, who flock here in great numbers from all parts; then the tariff becomes higher, and rises still more for July visi-tors. The season cannot be said fairly to begin before July the 15th, up to which day but few hotels or shops open, and no diligences ply to and fro the springs. For those, however, who are strong enough to be independent of such means of locomotion, and are not afraid of the cold weather to which one is, of course, exposed in May, the dead season has its charms. crowds of water-drinkers are very picturesque. On the road to the Raillère and Mahourat fountains there is, morning and evening, a procession of the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind; the old carefully led by the young, little children

ported by relatives. The procession as it wends its way up the hill of health to descend more blithely from the healing springs, recals the old picture of the crowds of decrepit folk going to be ground young again at the magic mill; and, indeed, the transformation wrought by the end of the season in numbers of the wan faces and feeble forms is little less than miraculous. Russet mixes with motley. Here comes a group from the Ossalois valley, the gigantic peaked hoods of their dark bernouses making them look like peripatetic extinguishers, while the tassels and pendent points of those knitted purse-like caps identify their wearers as Barégeois. Old hags, whose thread of life must be nearly spun out, mutter and mumble as they saunter along, distaff in hand, reminding one of the fatal sisters-apparitions hideous and gaunt enough to suggest the witches in Macbeth. The brightcoloured blouses and berrets of the young men, and the girls' dainty bizarre fichus, relieve the sombre hue of the ancients. Stately Spaniards, wrapped in striped blankets, stalk sulkily on, with their peculiar swinging gait, distancing the more dilatory Bearnais. But both now and later priests form one of the principal features of the place; some of the waters being a specific for weak voices, and "priests' throats," as common a malady here as "clergymens' throats" in England. The affection is, indeed, it is said, often greatly aggravated by the loud chanting of the funeral and other open-air services, often against strong wind and boisterous storm. One is tempted to exclaim with Front de Bouf, "Surely the devil keeps holiday here, that, relieved from duty, the priests stroll thus wildly through the country !" The good men positively swarm, drinking, gargling, or bathing in the different établissements, and in the intervals of business muttering over their breviaries as they pace the roads and lanes. For those among them who have country tastes, or whose friends live in the neighbourhood, this must be a veritable priests' paradise—free to geologise, botanise, or explore the mountains, reverend curés are seen, armed with hammers and sticks, making, petticoats tucked up, for some distant spot, where stony or flowery treasures are to be found. In the park they sit chatting with aged parents, brothers or sisters, enjoying for a few short weeks the pleasures of domestic life, to which they have so long been strangers.

The principal streets of Cauterets are built, or rather have grown at different times, something into the shape of a Y, the centre of the fork forming a small open space, where is the Bureau des Diligences, and whence the huge unwieldy vehicles start. In small side streets which radiate from the diminutive Place are humble lodging-houses, shops, &c. The different établissements are perched about, some near the town, but most in distant spots on the mountain sides, sufficiently difficult of access to the aged and rheumatic limbs which toil painfully along. Early in the year the fashionable part of Cauterets is like a city of the dead; the main streets are almost uninhabited; and it is curious to watch the little town gradually coming to life-opening, as it were, first one eye and then the other. From a state of utter darkness we suddenly find our evening path enlightened by lamps hoisted to chains suspended across the streets from house to house, or from rock to rock. The narrow footways are monopolised by cleanly householders, busily engaged in washing the winter's dust and scars off their dismounted doors and shutters in the sparkling water which runs down each side of the street in open The utopian standard upheld channels. in the proverb should be attained here, for a pedestrian is speedily made aware that every one cleans his own doorstep, inasmuch as he is at all hours hunted off the pathway by energetic besoms and ladles which alternately sputter his boots with dust and water. Here and there a hôtel or shop opens, and great is the excitement over the unpacking of the goods on their arrival from the plain-greater still when a carriage tears up the steep little street, whip cracking, bells jingling. The first comers are marked men, and of greater importance than they can ever again expect to be, for they are affectionately regarded and welcomed by the population of Cauterets as the swallows who are to bring the summer. When we in our hôtel muster five or six, we constitute the first table d'hôte serieuse, and are promoted to a dinner-bell, by no means a popular sound later in the year, for one of the torments of the place in the height of the season is the multitude of bells summoning the re-Imagine a town of spective convives. hôtels, each of which tries to outring its neighbours, all at nearly the same hour, varied by violent cracking of the whips of drivers, guides, and enterprising travellers entering the street! Then may be heard

a loud drumming preliminary to the announcement bawled out by the town crier, nicknamed Récompense. He in this somewhat original manner drums into notice all important news from the price of meat to a lost bracelet. Let us listen to his naïve invitation to a concert to be given by the Orphéonistes of Cauterets, Récompense "Meshimself being one of the singers. sieurs et Mesdames. (Tum-darum-tum-darum.) Voici comment on passe le temps à Cauterets agréablement," and then follows a programme of the performance, place, time, price, &c. These concerts are very creditable to the mountaineers, who spend their long dreary winter evenings in practising under the conduct of the kind and intelligent schoolmaster. Of course, there is a good deal of blustering and bawling about "La Gloire" and "La Patrie," but the shepherds' ballads and the songs of which the choruses imitate natural sounds, such as the rush of the Gave, and the whistling of the wind, are very characteristic and pretty. We this year brought the minstrels a selection of English music, so ere long the Pyrenees may (for not the first time!) echo the notes of Rule Britannia and the Blue Bells of Scotland.

Charles Dickens.

The two great days of the year are the race day and the Fête Dieu. We have only once witnessed the Courses de Cauterets, nor do we particularly wish again to see a performance which is a perfect farce and very cruel, as the unfortunate horses have to run along the hard road, the only available race-course, to the no small risk of their knees, and the certain ruin of their legs. The only interesting part of the spectacle was the foot races of the mountaineers, their broad and high leaping, and their throwing matches. running, or more correctly speaking, climbing races, take place about a mile from the village. The shepherds, who practise for some weeks previously, start from the foot of a mountain, and make their bare-footed way, by any route they choose, circuitous or direct, to the heights on which are planted the two flags which serve as goals. Their agility is marvellous, and it is curious to observe the devious routes taken to the same end, some of the athletes finding it easier to run cunning even when doubling the distance, than to make direct for the goal. It is fortunate such differences of opinion and powers exist, or the danger would be greatly increased by the thronging of the direct and precipitous path, where an unintentional touch or jostle might to the end; but oh! the glee with which

easily prove fatal, or the dislodging of a stone or crag by a foremost runner cause the fall of a rival. An unusual feature of this entertainment, the only one of a secular nature at which we have ever remarked them, was the number of priests among the spectators, and very picturesque were the white and dusky forms perched about

the neighbouring heights.

A few days before a religious fête all the children's heads assume a pepper-and-salt hue, but the newspaper papillotes give place on the great day to magnificent bushes of curly hair. Special attention is bestowed on the angelic pates of those destined to figure in the procession, or to enact the parts of cherubim and scraphim at the reposoirs, as the extemporised shrines in the streets are called. On the morning of the Fête Dieu the barbers' shops swarm with incipient angels, whose divine heads contrast queerly enough with their decidedly human little bodies. The rapidity with which these "functions" are got up is marvellous. At eleven o'clock there was no sign of anything unusual; by twelve, men and women were bringing boughs and nosegays into the village, and by two o'clock the streets were a mass of green. Five large reposoirs had sprung into existence, constructed out of the roughest wooden scaffolding, tastefully wreathed with coloured muslin, and adorned with figures, flowers, real and artificial, and gold and silver tinsel; the steps were carpeted, and thereupon stood pairs of the cherubic beings, who, in white frocks and blue ribbons, were much more suggestive of cupids than angels. The processions consist of priests, choristers, and school children, preceding and following the parish curé, who slowly paces along under a grotesque awning carried by four men, and which exactly resembles the upper part of an oldfashioned four-poster bed. Small boys in white and gold wave before him censers, which produce a curious clicking sound like castanets, others strew his way with rose petals, to supply which all the neighbouring gardens are laid under contribution. So they make their progress through the village, chanting and singing all the way, and stopping to kneel and pray at every altar. Towards the end of the day we have noticed the cherubim and seraphim so irked and wearied that they had to be bribed to remain on duty by sticks of barley-sugar; sucking and brandishing which they were induced to stand and wait

the fat little legs toddled down the steps as

soon as permission was given! On St. John's Day, in every village, the prettiest boy of five or six is chosen to represent the saint. Naked, but for a piece of skin fastened round his waist, he marches in the midst of the procession, followed by a lamb marked on the back or head with a magenta or blue cross. The animal ought voluntarily to follow close at St. John's heels, as he is reared with the child in his cottage home, and is fed and petted by the future saint: but bewildered by the crowd and by his master's unaccustomed appearance, the poor beast is seldom equal to the occasion, and has generally to be dragged by a cord, or, tied by the legs and cast, is carried outstretched on a shutter.

So have we seen the infant Baptist lag, and blubber till some one in the crowd, spreading an umbrella to shelter his fat little person from rain or sun, as the case might be, dragged him by the hand to the end of his journey. A pleasing diversion to the general routine was effected on one occasion by a friend of ours who consented to sing at one of the principal reposoirs. Concealed by a bocage we extemporised in a balcony, Madame Olivier, whose voice is singularly beautiful, arrested the course of the procession by singing a Salve Regina.

The astonishment and delight of the people were great, and from our bowery balcony we could, unseen, watch the effect produced on the crowd below; study the uplifted faces fresh from prayer, and observe how the censers ceased to wave and the rosy shower to fall, as, entranced by such exquisite singing as they had never heard before, the simple mountaineers listened as though to angel strains.

Life at Les Eaux affords grand opportunities for flirtations, and matches are occasionally made there. Pleasant acquaintances are often formed, and sometimes real friendships. An association of three weeks or a month gives opportunities of knowing something of companions, and we ourselves owe more than one lasting friendship to neighbourhood at the table d'hôte of the comfortable Hôtel d'Angle-Those who have read the Abbé Perreyve's touching letters to the journeyman mason, Micol, his ami des eaux, know how close and valuable a tie may be formed under such circumstances, for points of common interest and of sympathy are numerous enough to draw people together. But it must be confessed that amities des eaux, in the ordinary sense of the word, is

not a system that would work well in England. Englishmen would not consent to associate for weeks on perfectly equal terms with those who, in their own neighbourhood and under other circumstances, would stand on a different rung of the social ladder. To a Frenchman such an association is merely an incident in his watering-place life, to be resumed or not as suits in each individual case, and neither party feels any incongruity in meeting again, it may be over the counter, it may Englishmen are be at a greater distance. far too much afraid of compromising themselves, and carry about with them a chilling atmosphere of self-consciousness which freezes those who approach them. It is a matter of congratulation to travellers in France that the national character and etiquette insure an entente cordiale among fellow-travellers for the time being, and forbids any breach of good manners. At first sight the French system recommends itself to an impartial observer, and there is no doubt that our countrymen lose a great deal that is profitable and enjoyable by their timidity and folly. Far be it from us to justify the stupid pride of the typical travelling John Bull, but it must be allowed, and to his credit be it said, that, his own prejudices altogether apart, no English gentleman would venture to bestow on a social inferior such capricious attentions as are given and taken in France as a matter of course.

Foremost among our convives occurs to our minds the kind old doctor who acts as president, and holds himself equally responsible for the credit of Monsieur Meillon's cuisine, and for the health of those who have recourse to his beloved springs, a specific, according to good Doctor Toueg, for every known malady. So fearful is he of discouraging any pilgrims to the sulphur shrine, and so carefully does he consult varying tastes, that we, wily patients, could, by leading questions and suggestive remarks, induce him in one breath to contradict himself, and recommend what we wished; each doing by his neighbour as he would not be done by. So courteous and loquacious is the simple old man, that many a time have we, by entering into conspiracy turn by turn to engage him in conversation, deprived him of any satisfactory dinner. If we cannot be said to have found our warmest welcome at an inn, at least we are, each year, certain of a very warm one from the old patron of the hostelry. Blessings on your head, dear

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old doctor! Seldom have we met your equal for courtesy and credulity! Then his friend the old naval officer, whose features won for him the nickname of Requin, how pleasant a companion when one was absolutely without engagement, for there was no possibility of curtailing or escaping his long technical yarns.

Shall we ever visit the pleasant château in Burgundy, to which our charming friends the D'E.s have invited us every year since we met amid the sulphureous

fumes of the César?

Poor little Madame Olivier: we little thought when listening to you singing, or when playing chess in the shady park with Capitaine O., that before the next season at les Eaux, at which we had planned to meet, the devoted wife of the kindly frank sailor would be a widow! How we have laughed together over the simple young wine merchant who was complaisant enough to make a fool of himself for our amusement on the smallest encouragement-simple and yet crafty, for we used to marvel at the recklessness with which he would bet bottles of recherché wine on the least provocation, till we accidentally discovered that he supplied mine host with said wines, so that whether his bets were lost or won, profit Wonderful are the accrued to the firm! manners and customs of the English as represented by Boulerat to his credulous countrymen. He was supposed to be qualified to enlighten them on the strength of having paid a month's visit at the country seat of an Engleesh M.P., for the double purposes of business, and of studying English. Much has that fallacious M.P. for H --- shire to answer for ! The Prince of Wales was represented as directly interested in commerce, inasmuch as he is not above taking part in a large grocery business, and dining once a year in company with the brothers of the tea and To those British youths who cheese trade. may have a distaste for Euclid and mathematics, the alternative of playing a game of chess successfully is offered at the Oxford and Cambridge examinations. this land of primogeniture, younger children occupy an unenviable position, as, according to our friend, it is illegal for parents to leave them a sou! But richest of all was Boulerat, when, inspired by his own wine, he treated us to choice morsels of "Omelette," better known, perhaps, as Hamlet, only as his acquaintance with the immortal Williams was limited, we learned

was wont to assume preparatory to declaiming.

Recollection peoples the long table of the salle-à-manger in the garden with the well-known faces of the aristocratic Swedish officer, the agreeable Prussian merchant, the egotistical Russian spy, the skittish English meeses, the chatty Breton squire, the shy Yorkshire farmer, and Again and again, in the many more. course of each day, do the "drinkers" encounter one another-on the way to and from the source-in the établissements, in the park, in the long stroll to meet the diligence, or on the Mamelon Vert. the gargling-house and the pulverisationroom one finds oneself in ludicrous propinquity, standing in long rows before the stone trough, like so many pigs or poultry. A greater trial to a self-conscious man can scarcely be imagined than said garglinghouse. One is reminded of Albert Smith's bun-eater, to whose comfort spectators were fatal. To look at a shy tyro in the gargling art seems to paralyse his powers; disgusted or resentful he bides his time, and watches his companions with ill-concealed curiosity, trying by furtive glances to learn the dodge. A professor of gargling would really be a good institution, and would find more disciples than many a more learned brother! Some garglers, with inflated cheeks, like cherubs on a gravestone, go in for the sublime, some are elegant and languid, some audacious, while nothing is easier than to recognise old hands, or rather throats, by their indifference of demeanour. The poses assumed by the performers vary greatly. Here are garglers, and very accomplished ones, erect as soldiers on parade; others, their bodies thrown backwards at absolutely right angles; others, again, in graceful curves and supplicating attitudes. The chorus of gurgling sounds, spluttering, scraping, and coughing, can be likened to nothing but frogs in a pond afflicted with croup. Within the walls the patients are saved from interruption, but mocking relatives throng the door, looking at the spectacle. The salle de pulverisation presents a yet A baigneur more ridiculous aspect. envelops each patient as he enters with a huge white pinafore, and ties round his He is then neck a long mackintosh bib. seated on a three-legged stool, in a long row of fellow-sufferers, all facing a stone trough. Exactly opposite his lips, and at a distance of, perhaps, three inches, is a to dread the bardic tone and bearing he tube whence a narrow stream of mineral

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water issues with such force that it reaches the sufferer's throat in the form of spray, or, so to speak, aqueous powder. This performance, too, requires a certain knack. is by far the most expensive remedy for throat maladies, but wonderfully efficacious in some affections, especially the "priest's throat," and accordingly out of the spray imbibers a large proportion are always Singers and readers reverend fathers. also avail themselves largely of the spray douche. In a neighbouring salle people sit simply breathing the compressed sulphureous fumes with which the room is filled. Down-stairs, baths, foot and demibaths, douches, and every imaginable application of mineral waters, may be obtained. An ordinary drinker's day is passed somewhat as follows: He rises so as to be at the distant source by seven or eight; returns, after draught and bath, on foot to a déjeûner à la fourchette at halfpast ten; has to kill time in-doors or out till three or four, when dose number two is due, which, and the return from the source, occupies the time till table d'hôte, about six, and most people are glad to go to bed somewhat early. How far these primitive hours and active habits conduce to the cures performed here it is difficult to say, but those who have never watched the progress made by patients would find it impossible to believe in the results of a sojourn at Cauterets, Eaux Bonnes, Eaux Chaudes, &c., to sufferers from gout, rheumatism, paralysis, and pulmonary complaints. The waters are, as a poor peasant poetically said, "La médicine du bon Dieu," a veritable Pool of Siloam in which to wash and be clean. Besides the largely frequented César, Raillère, and Mahourat sources, there are, at Cauterets, the Oeufs Espagnols, the Bains du Pré, du Rocher, Rieumiset, the Great and Smaller Pauze, all varying more or less in quality and strength; iron, arsenic, and sulphur being the principal ingredients.

As we said before, Cauterets forms capital head-quarters for those bent on serious mountaineering, but there is little to be done in the way of moderate excursions. As a lounging place the park is most enjoyable, literally carpeted as it is with wild flowers. Here is a patch golden with parrot

flowers, yonder the pretty blue grey of the common squill mixes with the purple crane's bill, and the yellow poppy, the whole spangled with large marguérites, while every rocky rill is dotted with the pretty penguicula. The beauty of the meadow flowers is doubled by the abundance of insect life. Dragon-flies, butterflies, and bees swarm. Often every blossom in a tuft of blue scabæus will be crested with a blue-black butterfly, while the red butterflies haunt their favourite flower, the creamy meadow-sweet. There is no end to the varieties of the beetle and spider tribes, while grasshoppers, common and uncommon, abound, producing the peculiar ringing noise which is so like that made by the grelots of a carriage in the distance that it will deceive any but an ear practised in mountain sounds. The park is shaded by really fine trees, while comfortable seats are afforded by the rocks tumbled about in all directions, and here we were wont to sit (in the air when not in the water) reading, drawing, or working.

The favourite expedition from Cauterets is to the Pont d'Espagne and Lac de Gaube, which can easily be accomplished between breakfast and dinner, or tourists can breakfast on the salmon-trout caught in Then what pleasant rides have the lake. we had in the opposite direction, down the beautiful valley, to Pierrefitte or Argelez, taking a peep at St. Savin, or at Charlemagne's tower, on the way down to breakfast in the plain, at kind Madame Creusol's inn, or on Monsieur Pevrafitte's celebrated foies à la broche and pancakes! Monotonous as life must be, when such expeditions, the arrival of the diligences, carriages, or mail-cart, create quite an excitement, we never drive away down the valley without a feeling of regret that our sojourn in this quiet little out-of-the-way nook in the Pyrenees is ended.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Also Cases for Binding, are always kept on sale.

The whole of the Numbers of the FIRST SERIES of

ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,
Are now in print, and may be obtained at the Office,
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IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.



CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,
A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS.

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, & SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

Indigestion is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exer-tion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for

all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of Indigestion there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems-nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than Norton's Extract of Cumomile Flowers. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it

takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluable portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most cer-

tain preserver of health. NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderatesized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of Norton's Camomile Pills, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the

most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. Bthe word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of Norton's Camomile Pills, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

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As Norton's Camomile Pills are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though afterall that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sust enance whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native

production; if they are pure and unadulerated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and, that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this conints in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fbres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others est and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intendof for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never longer that a small meal well digested affords nore nourishment to the system than a large en, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delius, ever so enticing, a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. should an impropriety be at any time, or ever soften committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it mmediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's

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Camomile Pills, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the fourdation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be foundno, none which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMO-MILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these Pills should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price, 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

GODFREY'S

EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and preserving the Skin, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

STEEDMAN'S

SOOTHING POWDERS,

FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced spurious imitations, some of which, in outward appearance, so closely resemble the Original as easily to deceive even careful observers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a special caution against the purchase of such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "John Steedman, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey," are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in White Letters on a Red Ground, without which none are genuine. The true STEEDMAN is spelt with two EEs.

Prepared only at Walworth, Surrey, and Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors in Packets, 1s, 1½d., and 2s 9d. each.

Scottish Widows' Fund

(MUTUAL)

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

PRINCIPAL OFFICES.

EDINBURGH (HEAD OFFICE), No. 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

London, 28 CORNHILL Dublin, 9 Lower Sackville Street. Glasgow, 114 WEST GEERGE STREET. Manchester, 39 CROSS St., KING St.

Birmingham, 29 BENNETT'S HILL. Leeds, 21 PARK Row. Belfast, 2 HIGH STREET. Newcastle, GRAINGER STREET WEST. Liverpool, 48 AND 50 CASTLE STREET. Dundee, 53 REFORM STREET.

Norwich, 48 St. GILES' CHURCH PLAIN. And Agencies in the principal places in the United Kingdom.

Extracts from the Annual Report

FOR THE YEAR 1871.

New Assurances for the year *£1,091,205 0 0 New Annual Premiums 33,976 6 2 Total Annual Revenue 663,702 6 4 Excess of Revenue over Expenditure +221,171 14 0 Total Assets -15,346,988 2 10

- * In this sum (£1,091,205) are no Re-assurances. It is all Home Business, and is the largest business effected by any. Office in the year 1871.
- + This amount (£221,171) is the largest addition ever made to the Society's Assets in a single year.
- ‡ This amount (£5,346,988) is the largest Life Assurance Fund possessed by any Office in the United Kingdom.

While these Results indicate a very high order of prosperity, it may be stated that the operations of the current year show an

Accelerated Rate of Progress,

the New Assurances already effected exceeding those of the corresponding period of 1871 by

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

(The Leading Feature)

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The Leading Feature

OF THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND IS ITS

Mutual System, by which the Whole Profits Realised are Divided among the Policyholders alone.

A definite idea of the money value of the Mutual System to Policyholders may be obtained by considering what would have been the result if the Proprietary method of disposing of Profits had been in force in the Society. From a tenth to a third—generally a fifth—would in that case have been withdrawn from the Fund belonging to the Policyholders. Taking the Profit realised during seven years ending 1866 (£834,183, 10s. 1d.), the gain to the Society's Members by the Mutual System was, on the assumption of

Withdrawing	one-tenth fro	om Pr	ofits			£83,418
Withdrawing	one-fifth (the	most	usual j	broport	tion)	166,836
Withdrawing	one-fourth					208,546
Withdrawing	one-third					278,061

Such being the amounts saved to the Society's Policyholders by the Mutual System during the seven years ending 1866, it is evident that during an average lifetime the saving must amount to an enormous Sum. In connection with the above facts, persons intending to effect assurances are reminded that

The NEXT DIVISION of PROFITS

will take place as at

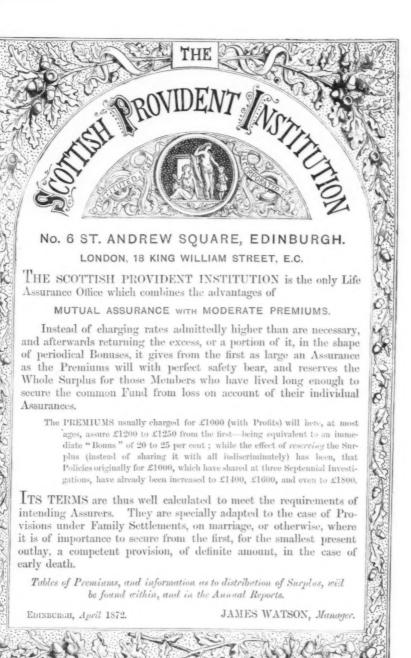
31st DECEMBER 1873,

When the Whole Profits of the seven years then ending will be divided among the Policyholders. Assurances effected during the current year (1872) will, at 31st December 1873, be entitled, according to the Laws of the Society, to rank for two whole years' Bonuses.

Forms of Proposal, Prospectuses, Copies of the Society's Balance-Sheet, and all necessary information, may be obtained at any of the Offices or Agencies of the Society.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, Manager. J. J. P. ANDERSON, Secretary.

EDINBURGH, 1st July 1879.



LONDON OFFICE: 18 King William Street, E.C.-Mr. J. MUIR LEITCH.

Scottish Provident Institution.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

THE system on which the Profits are divided is specially fitted for dealing with a Surplus arising from moderate premiums.

The assurance secured from the first being so large in relation to the premiums paid, the usual system is obviously unsuitable, by which, in consideration of excessive premiums, Bonus Additions are given (after a few years) to all Policies indiscriminately. Another principle was adopted. The Surplus is reserved exclusively for those Members who survive the period at which their premiums, with accumulated interest at 4 per cent, amount to the sums originally assured—no share being given to those by whose earlier death there is actual loss to the Common Fund. In this way a legitimate advantage is secured to those members whose long-continued payments not only provide what is needed to meet the claims of those members who die early, but also create the profit fund itself.

The Surplus is divided at each Investigation among those Policies which have reached the period of accumulation, or will do so within the next seven years—the shares of the latter being set aside for them, to vest on their completing the accumulation. The division being thus among a limited class of the Contributors—although it will comprise more than half their number—the share falling to each is necessarily greater than it would be under the usual mode of division.

The practical effect of the system of thus reserving the Surplus has been, that large additions have been—as they may be expected in future to be—given on the Policies of those members who survive to share.

ADMINISTRATION.

THE SOCIETY has taken a leading part in the relaxation of restrictions on Policies, and in the removal of grounds of challenge.

So far back as 1849 the rule was adopted that error in the original statements should not involve forfeiture, unless proved to have been "fraudulent as well as untrue;" and the forfeiture which attached to death by capital punishment, by duelling, and even by suicide (unless occurring within six months), was removed.

Foreign Residence and Travel.—Members (not seafaring or military men) are at liberty, free of charge, to travel to or reside in any part of the world (Asia excepted) north of 35° N., and south of 30° S. Commercial men in particular will appreciate the value of an arrangement so liberal and so easily applied.

Licences for places beyond the free limits are given on liberal terms; and when an extra Premium is charged, it has the advantage, according to the equitable principle of the Office, of bringing the Assured sooner to participate in Profits.

A MAP, showing the countries included in the free limits, may be had on application.

Surrenders.—In the event of inability to continue to pay the Annual Premiums, Members are entitled, by an original rule of the Institution, to receive, on surrender, the fair value of their Policy, according to a fixed Table, of which examples are engrossed in the Minute Book.

Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,
For Assurance of £100 at Death-With Profits.

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Age Annual Premium pay-	ANNUA	L PREMIUM LU	Single	Age		
Birth- day.	able during Life.	Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.	Payment.	Birth-
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	#33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	$\begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5		3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6		3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7		3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10		3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
+40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	†40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55
56	5 6 4		6 14 9	10 13 7	61 3 8	56
57	5 10 11		6 18 8	10 18 8	62 6 5	57
58	5 15 9		7 2 9	11 3 10	63 9 4	58
59	6 1 0		7 7 3	11 9 0	64 12 11	59
60	6 6 7		7 12 0	11 14 3	65 16 9	60

[These Rates are about as low as the usual non-participating Rates.]

GLASGOW OFFICE: 67 St. Vincent Street.-Mr. WM. CHURCH.

^{*} A person of 30 may thus secure £1000 at Death, by a yearly payment, during life, of £20:15s. This Premium, if paid to any other of the Scottish Mutual Offices, would secure £800 only, instead of £1000.

OR, if unwilling to burden himself with payments during his whole life, he may secure the same sum of £1000 by twenty-one yearly payments of £27:13:4.

[†] At age 40 the Premium ceasing at age 60, is, for £1000, £33:14:2, being about the same as most Glüces require during the whole term of life.

Scottish Provident Institution.

THE REPORT

To the 34th Annual General Meeting announced a New Business larger than in any former year—1336 Proposals having been accepted for £713,045, besides Annuities. At the close of the year the Subsisting Assurances were 16,146, for £7,660,376: 18s., and the Claims from deaths in the year were less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of that amount, having been £114,070: 1s. only.

The Realised Funds amounted to £1,902,646:6:11, having increased in the year by £137,395:6:1. Notwithstanding its moderate premiums, no office of the same age has so large a Fund, or shows so large a yearly increase.

After giving the particulars of the Investments, the Report proceeded-

The published statements of the offices indicate that for some years there has been a falling off in the business of Life Assurance in this country. This fact is due, no doubt, to the unhappy collapse of some offices, and the consequent anxiety as to others, whose published Reports did not contain satisfactory information with regard to their financial position. It has been found, however, that the failures were due to causes not inherent in the business of Life Assurance,—chiefly to a lavishness of expenditure for procuring business, utterly at variance with the ordinary principles of sound administration. The operation also of the recent Act, requiring publication of accounts and other particulars, has tended in a great measure to allay anxiety,—the result having been so generally satisfactory in regard to the great majority of the offices. It is gratifying to be able to report that in each year of the period referred to, the Scottish Provident Institution has shown, a continuous advance, and that this has been attained without undue expenditure in any department. It may fairly be assumed that the fulness and satisfactory nature of the information which has always been given in the Annual Reports have contributed to this result.

In connection with the question of expenditure, there is one point to which the Directors feel entitled to refer, as in regard to it the Institution has taken a decided position in times past. The practice of allowing a Commission out of the yearly premiums to all who claimed it for introducing Assurances, often even on their own lives, had grown to be a serious grievance. Such a claim this Institution has consistently resisted, at the loss, perhaps, of individual connections, but with the indirect advantage which accompanies adherence to right principle. In one of its statements, published a few years since, the following passage occurs:—"This fruitful source of expense" (commission) "was for five-and-twenty years altogether avoided, the Scottish Provident having declined to give any commission to other than its accredited Agents, until all the Scottish offices but itself had yielded to the practice. While now allowing to solicitors a moderate commission out of the first year's premium, in acknowledgment of their aid in introducing business, the Directors do not pay to any but agents engaging to give their influence in favour of the Office the continuous commission during the subsistence of the assurance, which is now so generally conceded." The practice had become so general, and its evil effects so manifest, that it had been made the subject of animadversion in leading organs of the press. It is gratifying now to find that some of the offices are retracing their steps, and declining in future to give commission except in cases parallel to those which are referred to in the preceding extract.

Progress of the Institution in the last four years:-

In Year	New Policies Issued.	Amount Assured.	Claims in Year.	Accumulated Fund at end of Year.
1868	1092	£541,127	£80,284	£1,499,015
1869	1190	581,036	93,663	1,636,249
1870	1163	612,025	111,057	1,765,251
1871	1336	713,045	114,070	1,902,646

The Funds having thus increased by £400,000 in the last three years.

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DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

In cases of Prostration and Emaciation the restorative powers of Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil have been remarkably manifested both with adults and children, its peculiar tonic and nutritive properties having entirely restored health and strength to the most feeble and deteriorated constitutions.

ROWLAND DALTON, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.S.A., District Medical Officer at Bury St. Edmund's, observes:—

"In giving my opinion of Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, I have no hesitation in saying that I have not the slightest confidence in any other kind. The effects of Dr. De Jongh's Oil are sure and most remarkable, especially in that broken-down state of health and strength which usually precedes and favours tubercular deposit; and I never recommend any other sort. The Oil I have had from you was for my own use, and it has certainly been the only means of saving my life on two occasions; and even now, when I feel 'out of condition,' I take it, and like it, unmixed with anything, as being the most agreeable way. I could wish that Dr. De Jongh's Oil would come into general use, and entirely supersede the Pale and other worthless preparations."

THOMAS HUNT, Esq., F.R.C.S., Medical Officer of Health to the populous district of Bloomsbury, in a communication to the Medical Times and Gazette, writes:—

"In badly-nourished infants, Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three tea-spoonfuls per diem will fatten a young child is astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the Oil swallowed, or more; and, as children generally like the taste of Dr. De Jongh's Oil, and when it is given them, often cry for more, it appears as though there were some prospect of deliverance for the appalling multitude of children who figure in the weekly bills of mortality issued from the office of the Registrar-General."

EXTRACTS FROM SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.,

Medical Officer to the Poor Law Board of Great Britain.

"Wethink it a great advantage that there is one kind of Cod Liver Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied by Dr. DE JONGIL."

Dr. LANKESTER, F.R.S.,

Coroner for Central Middlesex.

"I deem the Cod Liver Oil sold under Dr. DE JONGH's guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."

Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S.,

Author of the "Spas of Germany."

44 DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."

Dr. LETHEBY,

Medical Officer of Health to the City of London.

"In all cases I have found DR DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of cholaic compounds, and of incidence in a state of organic combination, are the most remarkable."

EDWINCANTON, Esq., F.R.C.S.,

Surgeon to Charing Cross Hospital.

"I find Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil to be much more efficacious than other varieties of the same medicine which I have also employed with a view to test their relative superiority."

Dr. EDGAR SHEPPARD.

Physician to the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum.

"DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary oils."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold ONLY in IMPERIAL East-pints. 2s. 6d.; Fints. 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; Scaled with a Capsule impressed with DR. DE JONGH'S Stamp, and labelled under the Pink Wrapper with his Stamp and Signature, and the Signature of his Sole Consignees,

WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE,

By all respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.

SOLE CONSIGNEES,

ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CAUTION .- Beware of mercenary attempts to substitute inferior or worthless preparations.



THE distinctive characteristics which have gained for DR. DE JONGH'S OIL so much celebrity, the entire confidence of the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, and, notwithstanding the active and unscrupulous opposition of many interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage, may be thus concisely enumerated:—

I .- Its genuineness, purity, and uniform strength are ascertained and

guaranteed.

II.—It contains all the active and essential principles that therapeutic experience has found to be the most effective in the operation of the remedy.

III.—It is palatable, easily taken, and creates no nausea.

IV.—It is borne with facility by the most delicate stomach, and improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.

V.—Its medicinal properties and remedial action have been found to be immeasurably greater than those of any other kind of Cod Liver Oil.

VI.—From the unequalled rapidity of its curative effects, it is infinitely more economical than any which is offered, even at the lowest price.

CONSUMPTION & DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

The extraordinary virtues of Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil in Pulmonary Consumption may now be considered as fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to Phthisis but of arresting the development of tubercles; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished, in numerous instances, a complete cure. No remedy so rapidly restores the exhausted strength, improves the nutritive functions, stops emaciation, checks the perspiration, quiets the cough and expectoration, or produces a more marked and favourable influence on the local malady.

DR. NEDLEY, Physician to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, writes :-

"Of all the preparations of that valuable remedial agent, Cod Liver Oil, the most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and the most easily retained by the stomach, is DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil. I have habitually prescribed DR. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results, and I can confidently recommend it, as the most efficacious kind."

Dr. WAUDBY, Physician to the Hereford Infirmary, remarks :-

"I can take Dr. De Jongh's Oil without difficulty or dislike, and with as little inconvenience as water alone. Not only in my own case, but in many others I have seen, it has caused an improvement of chest symptoms, and an increase of weight, so soon and so lastingly, as to be quite remarkable. I believe Dr. De Jongh's Oil to be the most valuable remedy we possess for chronic and constitutional disease."

For further select Medical Opinions, see other side.

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PERSIAN INSECT-DESTROYING POWDER,



This Powder is quite harmless to animal life; but is unrivalled in destroying Fleas, Buga, Emmets, Flies, Cockroaches, Beetles, Gnats, Mosquitoes, Moths in Furs, and every other species of Insects in all stages of metamorphosis. Sportsmen will find this an invaluable remedy for destroying Fleas in their Dogs, as also ladies for their Pet Dogs, and sprinkled shout the nests of Poultry it will be found extremely efficacious in exterminating those insects with which they are usually infested. It is perfectly harmless in its nature, and may be applied without any apprehension, as it has no qualities deleterious to animal life.

Imported and Sold in Packets, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; or 1s. Packets free by post for 14 postage stamps, and 2s. 6d. on receipt of 33.

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DEATH OR INJURY FROM ACCIDENT,

WITH THE CONSEQUENT

LOSS OF TIME AND MONEY,

PROVIDED FOR BY A POLICY OF THE

Railway Passengers Assurance Company

AGAINST

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 5s insures £1,000 at Death, or an allowance at the rate of £6 per Week for Injury.

£650,000 have been paid as Compensation;

ONE out of every Twelve Annual Policy Holders becoming a Claimant each year.

PARTICIPATION IN REALISED PROFIF

All Insurers who have paid Five continuous Premiums are allowed a reduction Ten per Cent. on future payments.

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